THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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OUR AMERICAN FRIEND

Miss Katherine Tynan Gives Some Account of Mrs Piatt, the Poetess, Who Loves Ireland and Sings of its Beauties.

Some Choice Selections From the Poems of the Distinguished Lady.

We Irish are not always fairly represented in American magazine literature of the most reputable kind. The Englishman transplanted carries his insularity over the water, and the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers have little enough sympathy for the ways and thoughts of the mere Irish. The American going through carries away a last impression of ragamuffins diving for coppers from Queenstown quay, and gaily shawled women whose brogue and patter are as much a part of their stock in trade as the wares they brazenly advertise. So an Irish story in *Harper's* or *The Century* has *eraisemblance* enough for its readers, if it has a pseudo brogue, and the ready made rapartee mixed with tragedy of a sordid kind; a jail bird dancing in rags is usually the Irish hero. Now and then some strong individuality in person or in literature will open a window and let in the air upon this structure of prejudice. I am sure such an influence has come from the Irish poetry which Mrs. Piatt has been sending back to America since she came here nearly a decade of years ago.

She has understood what we feel and have no name for—the eternal beauty, wild and somewhat desolate, of hills and valleys, bogs and barren country—the eternal pathos of a race that has never accepted its lot; against which have been range not only the powers of this world, but also the powers of the air, the storm, and the lightning, and the confusion of seas in tempest. Have not our fleets been scattered by the wind, and our insurrections gone out under the snow, even as the rain has washed away our strength and prosperity, and brought to our hearths famine and fever? Every weapon has been turned against this National aspiration of the people of this rainy and haunted island—not excepting the last nineteenth century weapon of incredulity and cynicism—by no means most easy for the thin skinned Irish to encounter—but none has availed.

Her husband's position as American Consul at Queenstown has placed Mrs. Piatt's home in one of the loveliest and most historical spots in Ireland. The house is a mile out of Queenstown, and effectually hidden from it by a wall of hill which you must steeply climb at the one side and descend as sharply on the other. At the water level the trees above on the hill stand up slender as sugar canes, and you must be stout of heart if you are ready to face again that chink that brings you into the town and the world. Queenstown is lovely by night with its lighted terraces, that rise one after the other high in the air, and descend into the water in vivid reflections, so that off shore one might imagine this a new hanging garden, in which some Sultan, for his pleasure, was making a Feast of Lanterns. But the Priory, as the house is called, is out of sight of the town, and broods grayly at the water's edge, an old house, gabled and picturesque, with diamond paned casements which open on garlands of roses. The lawn goes down to the sea. Straight in front are the gates through which the ships pass to America, through which have passed so many of our race "stepping westward," into the sunset full of golden hopes, but with the home hunger that shall scarcely be stilled by any fulfillment of golden promises.

The great American ships anchor in front of the Priory, and the Stars and Stripes, floating from a flagstaff on the lawn, is one of the last sights to cheer those who are going, and to welcome those who return. The great ships coming and going—at night you will hear them come in, puffing like grampuses—will stir often the desire for home which one finds pathetic trace of in Mrs. Piatt's poetry. Here in the harbor it is still and sweet except in time of storm. You will want to get through these ocean gates and along the coast line to see the Atlantic in its strength, like a loosed lion, roaring and leaping at the passive land as I saw it at Youghal even on a mild October day. The harbor would accommodate half a dozen Armadas; as it is there is but a tiny corner of it in use, and the great stretch of smooth water is lined by country roads and green banks with a few sleeping villas drowsing on their sides.

This is the country of the great Desmond Rebellion of the sixteenth century, which went out in such blood and horror. Sir John Pope Hennessy's house of Rostellen is built on the site of the castle of one of the most valiant of those Munster Fitzeralds. He was the one who held the title of Seneschal of Imokilly, and you will read constantly of his part in the great struggle in any history of the downfall of the Earls of Desmond.

Most people live here, I suppose, without very much thought for old memories. But not so the Piatts, husband and wife, who have made pilgrimages to most places of interest in Ireland, seeing and understanding with perception and sympathy more Irish than the Irish, and with finer eyes than the most willing sight seer could bring. Every story and legend of their own corner of Cork is known to them. Their knowledge and their sympathy have influenced the literary work of each, and colored it with the atmosphere of the country. For instance, Mrs. Piatt's latest volume of Irish poetry, "An Irish Wild Flower," has this impression of the Rock of Cashel, and how widely different to that the great ruin would have left on most sight seers—

A NIGHT-SCENE AT CASHEL.

And this was, then, their Cashel of the Kings,
As babbling legends fondly call it. Oa,
The Cashel now of certain other kings!
Come, look by this blurred moon if you would know.

From darkness such as hides the happier dead,
On the damp earth-floor grows a ghastly flame.
A woman's wasted arm, a child's gold head,
Shrink back into the wind-stirred straw for shame.

Through the half-door, down from the awful rock,
The death-chill from some open grave creeps in;
The skeleton's fixed laugh is seen to mock
The cry for bread below—O shame and sin!

Warm only with the fire of its starved eyes,
In one grim corner crouches a black cat.
Night moans itself away. The sun mustrise
As it has risen, spite of this and that.

And see in meadows beautiful, knee-deep
In bloom, for many a shining mile around,
The undying grass is white with lambs and sheep.
And wandering cattle make a pleasant sound.

Most of the historic places about Cork are commemorated in Mrs. Piatt's poetry. The poems are not always melancholy, though it is a melancholy muse; there are many flashes of such bright and whimsical humors as in her child-poems is so delightful. Of Youghal she has several poems. The old town at the mouth of the Blackwater might well be a poet's inspiration. I have never been in any place so haunted. Knights Templars and Desmonds are ghostly presences in the streets; and in the aisles of St. Mary's church. When the dusk is gathering you might start, thinking to see the Earl of Cork, sirnamed the Great, step from that amazing tomb of his, and look at you with fierce painted eyes; or Oliver Cromwell preaching once again by torchlight his sermon over the grave of his Roundhead General who lies buried in the transept. You may sit in the oriel window of the warden's house where Spenser read the "Faery Queen" to Sir Walter Raleigh, and the shadows will be thick in the beautiful oak-panelled room that not the electric light would make anything but ghostly. Or out of doors, in the sweet scent of the myrtle and the sea, you may dream below the twisted yew-trees where Raleigh sat smoking the strange plant from Virginia, many a time after his zealous servant had drowned him with quenching water. Here is one memory of Sir Walter Raleigh which Mrs. Piatt found extant in Youghal, of which town he was mayor during his two years' residence:

A PORTRAIT AT YOUGHAL.

There at the inn he looked at me,
A flash of fire died on the wall;
Without, the broken-hearted sea
Beat in the moon at Youghal.

Still as a god's were those deep eyes,
And empty as a god's of tears.
That showed nor pity nor surprise
After three hundred years.

I felt that one pale flower's sharp scent
There at the window like a knife,
What time the dead man seemed content
To watch the passion of life.

Another flash of fire—and so
They've given us a haunted room;
The knight there in the dusk bowed low
As the wind waved his plume!

But what is this?—the maid with tea;
It may be she has heard the name
This dark immortal wore while he
Walked in the world's brief fame.

"Who is it, the old portrait there?"
She held the lamp close to the wall
And answered, with a little start:
"He was—the Mayor of Youghal."

In the book under my hand there are some delightful examples of playful poetry, but the graver pieces seem to me to have more essentially the Irish spirit. In an earlier volume of the trinity of Irish books which this one completes there is a talk with a peasant woman which despite its sadness, is on the high levels of hope and faith. Mrs. Piatt does not talk finely in verse or make her peasants do so; it is one of the simplicities and sincerities which go to make up her beauty as a poet. She calls this "An Irish Fairy Story":

"Good mother, from your wayside hut,
Wise with your ninety years,
Tell me a fairy story; but
First swing out all the tears
For I am hurt beyond the skill
Of leech, hurt with a knife
That seems, in sooth, but slow to kill,
Good mother, hurt with life!"

"My lady, sure you are but sad,
Yet it's a weary day;
I'm not too wrinkled to be glad,
And you are not yet gray.
It is long, long yet I hope to live,
For God is good, I'm told.
And life's the best He has to give—
I'm thankful to be old.

"Yes, God is good, I know. You see,
I cannot read, but then
I can believe: He's good to me,
He is and good to men.
They say He sends us sorrow, too,
The world would be too sweet
To leave if this should not be true
(The world the moth can eat!)

"He keeps my little cabin there
safe when the sea-wind blows,
When I was young He let me wear
Upon my cheek a rose;
And then it was he sent a youth,
The handsomest, you'd own,
On all the Irish coast—in truth,
It's much I've lived alone.

"My lady, since that long black night
His fishing-boat went down,
My boy that kept my heart so high
Had work there in the town:
A lovely boy—such gold-like hair,
All curls"—her eyes grew dim.
"Christ keep him; he is quiet there,
With daisies over him."

She hushed, and turned to go inside—
An earthen floor, ah me!
A heap of straw—the door was wide—
Was all that I could see,
Yet on the little window low
A bright geranium grew;
"That's for my boy, he loved them so,
He loved the thrushes, too."

"Good mother"—"sure but things go ill
For our poor country, yet
He gives me bread and shelter still,
'Tis me He'll not forget."
We parted, for the light was low;
I turned and looked around—
Lord of us all, can heart's-ease grow
In such a plot of ground?"

In Mrs. Piatt's more literary manner is such a poem as "The Round Tower at Cloyne," with its pathetic reminiscence of her little son who was drowned at Queenstown seven years ago:

He made a ladder of his fears
For his light eager feet.
It never in its thousand years
Held anything so sweet.

The blue eyes peeped through dust and doubt;
The small hands shook the Past.
"He'll find the Round Tower's secret out."
They laughingly said it last.

But what the little climber heard
And saw there, say who will,
Where Time sits brooding like a bird
In that grey nest and still.

About the Round Tower tears may fall
He does not heed a whit;
They know it were as well to call
To those who builded it.

There is not a poem in the little volume one does not linger over, and wish to quote. But my last quotation must be this little poem of two verses, a sharp expression of too much pain and too much beauty:

TO IRELAND.

Beautiful, cruel mother, you who sit
Singing with voice of linnet, lark, and thrush,
Among the sorrows born of you; is it
Nothing to you, your children's crying! Hush.

Can rose-leaves cure the heartache, think you, sweet?
Are starving mouths with dews and perfumes fed,
That thus, with your wild brood about your feet,
You give them blossoms when they wail for bread?

It is not a day in Ireland for the production of much poetry, therefore we should be especially grateful for the Irish inspiration of this Transatlantic singer. Mrs. Piatt ranks high in her own country and will rank higher. To my mind she overtops any woman in America who has written poetry, and there are few men to excel or even equal her. She is distinctly a woman's poet, and as a poet of motherhood she stands ahead of any English-writing woman, for that greater woman Mrs. Browning shows her weakness of hysteria, especially in her poems of motherhood. It is an old-world cry if it is a new-world singer. There is never a poem of hers without that precious thing, a thought, and her poems, as short usually as Heine's, do not beat the thought out thin. Few enough of us will survive our time or the immediate time that succeeds us, for we have ceased to be remarkable as were the first women-poets, however poor their quality, who had the remarkableness of the first drops in a shower. I believe much of Mrs. Piatt's poetry will live, for she fills an especial place, and I am glad that so much of it is linked with Ireland and the Irish.—*Katharine Tynan in United Ireland.*

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending Sept. 30:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Bostons	135	85	50	.630
Chicagos	132	82	50	.621
New Yorks	129	70	59	.543
Philadelphias	134	67	67	.500
Clevelands	136	62	74	.456
Brooklyns	134	59	75	.440
Pittsburgs	132	55	77	.417
Cincinnatis	134	53	81	.396

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending Sept 30:

Thursday—Chicago 7, Pittsburg 4 Boston 5, Philadelphia 2. Brooklyn 6, New York 0. Cleveland 5, Cincinnati 1.

Friday—Chicago 9, Pittsburg 0. Boston 6, Philadelphia 3 Brooklyn 6, New York 7. Cleveland 16, Cincinnati 8.

Saturday—New York 8, Chicago 0. Boston 11, Pittsburg 3. Boston 11, Pittsburg 2. Philadelphia 5, Cincinnati 8. Philadelphia 8, Cincinnati 6. Brooklyn 6, Cleveland 1.

Monday—Chicago 6, Pittsburg 6. Boston 8, Philadelphia 6. Cleveland 4, Cincinnati 7. Brooklyn 5, New York 13

Tuesday—Cleveland 13, Chicago 14. Boston 13 New York 8. Boston 11, New York 3 Pittsburg 6, Cincinnati 7, Brooklyn 8, Philadelphia 1.

Wednesday—Cleveland 12, Chicago 5. Boston 16, New York 5. Boston 5, New York 3 Brooklyn 7, Philadelphia 6. Brooklyn 9 Philadelphia 4. Pittsburg 1, Cincinnati 2

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	130	90	40	.692
St. Louis	133	82	51	.617
Baltimores	129	68	61	.527
Philadelphias	134	70	64	.522
Milwaukees	134	62	72	.463
Columbus	133	59	74	.444
Louisvilles	135	54	81	.400
Washingtons	128	42	86	.328

Thursday—Baltimore 6, Boston 9 Milwaukee 5, Columbus 2. Philadelphia 9, Washington 8

Friday—Baltimore 2, Boston 6. Louisville 7, St. Louis 4. Philadelphia 13 Washington 4

Saturday—Milwaukee 5, Columbus 0. Baltimore 10, Boston 13 St. Louis 2, Louisville 7. Washington 4, Philadelphia 14

Sunday—Louisville 6, St. Louis 8. Louisville 11, St. Louis 0. Milwaukee 12 Columbus 1.

Monday—Milwaukee 8, Louisville 2. Washington 5, Baltimore 3. Philadelphia 6, Boston 6

Tuesday—Milwaukee 5, Louisville 10.

Wednesday—Milwaukee 10, Louisville 4 Philadelphia 11, Boston 4 Philadelphia 0, Boston 5

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Garden Citys	20	13	7	.650
Whitings	20	13	7	.650
West Ends	20	11	9	.550
Rivals	20	9	11	.450
Franklins	20	8	12	.400
Brands	20	6	14	.300

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Garden Citys 12, Franklins 13. Whitings 10 West Ends 0. Whitings 5, West Ends 10 Rivals 4, Brands 0. Rivals 6, Brands 1.

Ben Butler's First Ambition.

I had as deep-seated a prejudice against a British redcoat as our turkey gobbler exhibited to a red petticoat, when he drove my sister into the house. Thus I was taught that the highest achievement in life was to get behind a stone wall and shoot a Britisher, and I longed for the time when I should grow up to do it. So thoroughly was this drilled into me, that in after life it was a matter for reasoning on my part whether I should treat an Englishman decently.

The difference between this feeling and that which I had toward the Frenchmen, who fought us with the Indians, and who helped the savages scalp us, was that the French were poor fellows who did not know any better; and besides, the French had helped us in the Revolution against the British, so that we would forgive them, but the Britishers, never!—*From "Benjamin Butler's Boyhood," by himself, in New England Magazine for October.*

THE ROYAL O'CONORS.

History of the Ancient House Whose Scion, Roderick, Last Held the United Sovereignty of Ireland.

The Fortunes and Misfortunes of a Most Remarkable Family, Which Still Survives in Connacht.

Times (says the reviewer) have somewhat changed since a judge declared that "to become an O'Brien, in the place of a Wyndham, to exchange an illustrious for a barbarian name, was price enough to pay" for on immense domain in Clare. The real, leaders, indeed, of the Irish race have not yet found their true place in our history; few Englishmen are aware that Owen O'Neill was a foeman worthy of Cromwell's steel, and one of the first soldiers of the seventeenth century; and the life of O'Connell remains unwritten. Is the case, too, of the ancient Houses of Ireland, the victims of a far nobler cause, no attempt has been made, as in the case of the Scotch Jacobites, to redress the wrongs done pitilessly by spoliation and the sword; their territories and honors continued forfeited; and if some have risen to eminence in strange lands, they have lost their high places in their own country. But the sons of the fallen heads of the Irish Celts have long ceased to be the downtrodden helots which they were held to be in the last century—the despised "swine" of Swift, scorned even by Berkeley, though every virtue under heaven was his; and all but ignored by Arthur Young in his visits to the abodes of their rulers. They have emerged out of ignominious thraldom, and an increasing interest is being felt in the antiquities, the traditions, and the buried annals of the people of which they were once the masters.

We now know that

IRELAND WAS AN ARYAN LAND,

inhabited for ages by an Aryan race, in blood, and even in language, akin to the races which have been pre-eminent in the human family. Modern research have shown that the primitive type of society in Ireland was almost the same as that formed in the rude communities which have become the civilized states of Europe; nay, that it was passing through the same process of change which, in the instance of more happy lands, has developed nationality, and grown into empire. It has been clearly proved that the institutions of the Irish clans and septs, at the first Norman conquest, and down to a much later period, were, with some differences, closely akin to those of the feudal age in Europe. The philosophy of history has taught us that the bloody feuds, made the standing reproach of the Irish name, have occurred in the annals of other nations, and actually marked a phrase in their growth; and the philosophy of law has forced us to blush for the ignorance of those legal sages who confidently denounced the Brehon Codes as "mere sluttish customs," the degrading usages of a horde of savages. Like the wayfarer who, in the words of Moore, sees "the towers of other days shining beneath the waves of Neagh," every educated Englishman has become aware that, in Ireland, an archaic structure of tribal, and even of national life, lies buried beneath the modern edifice reared by Elizabethan and Cromwellian conquerers; and, if his feelings are not always kindly, he turns to these monuments of the ruin of the past with an attention he never gave them before.

THE VOLUME BEFORE ME

is a contribution of no ordinary value to this half forgotten history; and if it were only for the name of the author, it deserves careful and sympathetic study. The O'Conor Don is the acknowledged head of one of the princely houses of ancient Ireland, which, if less illustrious, perhaps, than one or two others, held for many ages the rank of sovereigns, and ruled over large parts of the island; and he is an example himself how, in spite of galling hindrances, intelligence, perseverance and high social worth have gradually raised a fallen Irish family out of the wretchedness and humiliation of the past. In this book, partly compiled from materials put together by the late John O'Donovan, one of the most learned Irish scholars, and transmitted by him to Chas. O'Conor, for years the leader of the bar of New York, and partly collected by The O'Conor Don himself, we have a complete history of the chief branch of the noble stem of O'Conor, from the earliest times, through all the vicissitudes of English rule in Ireland, down to the age of Victoria. I have read the volume with the deepest interest, and, considering it from the point of view of the author, as a genealogy of the O'Conors of Connaught, confined to the fortunes of that famous name, and dealing only with those parts of Irish history—large and memorable as they are—with which it has been directly connected, it is certainly a performance of great merit. I regret, however, that The O'Conor Don has not extended his studious enquiries to other divisions of the House of O'Conor; he has not dwelt on features of the social life of Celtic Ireland, which a chronicler of his name ought, I think, to have placed in full relief; and his survey of Irish history, limited in scope as it is, is, though impartial, somewhat wanting in breadth, and in enlarged and philosophic thought.

IRELAND AFFORDS NO EXCEPTION

to the universal rule that every great community of the Aryan race has been composed, at the dawn of its history, of a dominant and a subject order, with (usually) an intermediate class. The Milesians, a conquering caste of settlers, were the first masters of Pagan Erinn; the Firbolgs, kinsmen of the Celtic Belgae, were vanquished and servile tillers of the soil; and the Tuatha na Danaans, possibly of Pelasgic origin—"men dangerous for their arts and spells"—were probably an ambitious priesthood. The Milesians gave Ireland her first princes, sprung from Heber, Heremon and Ir, three brothers of renown, no doubt as mythical as Romulus and Remus; as Hengist and Horsa; and the great House of O'Conor—spelled O'Connor in all its divisions except in Connaught—was founded by one of these heroic figures. I shall not examine the curious legends of Erinn in times before history, but the genuine Irish chronicles are of a very ancient date; they express the character of a very romantic people, which has always loved to live in the past; and the light of truth often breaks through these accumulated clouds of picturesque fiction. The island had been reduced under a rude monarchy in the first century of the Christian era; and the Milesian sovereignty, unchallenged by Rome, though Agricola had thoughts of Irish conquests, held its state during successive ages. The names of these princes are significant: "Conn of the Hundred Battles," and "Hugh of the Broken Spear," record the traditions of famous warriors in a land probably of tribal discords; but "Feredach the Just," and Felim the Lawgiver," show that Erinn had her mythical Numas; and the epithets attached to the Milesian kings attest the poetic genius of the Celtic race, not creative or grand, but bright and graceful. The patronymic of O'Connor does not occur in the chronicles until the tenth century; but the family, sprung from the loins of Heremon, had often held supreme rule in the land, and it was not until the approaching fall of the empire that it was confined to the tract of Connaught, the sovereignty being, in subsequent ages, usually in the hands of

THE GREAT RACE OF O'NEILL,

the most renowned, perhaps, of the old Irish Houses. We learn nothing from this volume about the conversions of idolatrous Erinn to the faith of Christ, of the characteristics of the church of Patrick, of the primitive civilization of Celtic Ireland; but Irish missionaries spread the light of the gospel over large tracts of Europe when sunk in the night of heathen darkness. The ancient church of Ireland was conspicuous among the churches of the West; and Ireland was renowned in the arts of peace during the terrible ages when the barbarian hordes were overrunning the perishing empire. The O'Conor Don, however, has given us a valuable account, drawn from genuine sources of a later time, of the position and state of his princely house while it maintained undisputed rule in Connaught. The king was crowned at the "red stone" of Carnfree, a place probably of old Pagan rites; the inauguration was blessed by twelve bishops, "as had been ordained by Patrick of old;" he was surrounded by his dependant chieftans; his "companions" stood by, as a separate order, and performed several august services; and deputies from the province, including its "free states," swore fealty and homage to their lawful lord. The pageant resembles the coronation of a German Cæsar of the middle ages; and it clearly proves the nature of the ancient rule—in part patriarchal, in part feudal—of the native princes of Ireland before the English conquest. It is to be regretted that The O'Conor Don has not added to this graphic account a sketch of the old social structure of the Irish race; how the hereditary judges of the superior chiefs administered justice with in his domain; how the land was parcelled out between the clans and septs, divided into the ruling heads, the free tenants, and the vanquished serfs—the feudal organization in its essential features; but for this I must refer to Sir Henry Maine, in his admirable review of the Brehon laws.

Brilliant names sometimes adorn the annals of a race just before the decline of its fortunes. The sovereignty of Ireland reverted to

THE HOUSE OF O'CONOR

in the first years of the twelfth century; and Turlough the Great was a monarch of undoubted eminence. This remarkable man had a powerful fleet; like the Scythian ruler, praised by Thucydides, he connected a wild country by bridges and roads; and he built churches, one, at least, a specimen of noble architecture spared by time. His son Roderic was king when Strongbow and his knights planted themselves in the southern parts of the island, and, partly through force and partly through craft, Henry II. became the chief lord of Ireland. The easy success of the Norman conquerers proves, it is contended, the extreme weakness and foolishness of the Irish Celts; but the land had not recovered from the raids of the Danes; the Normans were the imperial race of Europe; and Rome threw her commanding influence on the side of warriors she deemed her crusaders. I must leap over the next three centuries, though a tract of the greatest interest in Irish history. The suzerainty of the Plantagenets embraced all Ireland; but for a long period it was little more than a name; the Irish princes retained their state; the clans and septs lived under their old usages; and this was especially the case of the O'Conors of Connaught, fenced by the broad Shannon in a remote territory. By degrees, however, the results followed usually made apparent where superior strength and civilization come into contact with a community comparatively rude and backward. The colony and church of the Pale were founded; the fine chain of feudalism was thrown over the land, an evidence of the claims of a central government; and the O'Conors of Connaught, like their fellow princes, were bridled by the power of great neighboring lords, and by English fortresses, which overawed their tribes men. The house became the prey of the Norman DeBurghs, and never recovered from the fatal day of Athunree; and its domestic feuds and broils gave occasions of all kinds to the slowly advancing foes who sought to supplant it.

By the fifteenth century the kingship had almost passed away, and the family had been

DIVIDED INTO TWO MAIN BRANCHES,

the chief of these known by the epithet of "Don," being the representative of the old Milesian sovereigns. The O'Conors still continued to decline, and it is unnecessary to follow the tale of their feuds and troubles down to the Tudor era. This collapse of the rule of the native princes, it is said, indicates their inherent barbarism; but the same spectacle was witnessed throughout Europe as feudalism gave way to established government; and the ruins of the castles and religious houses raised by the O'Conors and other chiefs, and above all, perhaps, their repeated marriages with Norman settlers of high degree, prove that they were anything but a despised race of savages. On one great occasion, when English rule in Ireland was nearly extinguished by Edward Bruce, the descendant of Roderic was on the side of the colonists; and when the Pale had dwindled into the four counties, in the calamitous reign of Henry VI., the O Conors of Connaught remained quiescent. Nor were they touched by the celebrated laws, a confession that the subtle Celtic genius was gradually changing the Anglo Norman nature, by which it was sought to draw an impassable line of distinction between the two races. Still comparatively secure within their distant regions, especially since their enemies, the DeBurghs, had, like the Desmonds and other Norman lords, "become more Irish than the Irish themselves," they resemble the princes who, along the Indus, recked not how the march of conquest advanced on the Ganges.

The Tudor sovereigns addressed themselves to reestablish the English power in Ireland when they had put down the old feudal noblesse of England. The colony of the Pale had shrunk to the narrowest limits when Richard fell on the plains of Bosworth; for, if the English sovereignty existed in name,

THE GREAT NORMAN LORDS

acknowledged no superiors, and the Irish chiefs, though weakened by feuds with each other, and constantly at war with encroaching settlers, still maintained a state of rude independence. An immense change took place in the following century, and the island passed under the yoke of conquest after a frightful strife of race and religion. Yet the Irish policy of Henry VIII. was grand and statesmanlike* in its outlines, and full of sympathy with the native race; and if it failed we must lay the blame, not on England and the central government, but, in part, on the selfish greed of the colonists, bent on making the lands of the Irish their own, and, in part, on the unhappy state of a country which had become a thorn in the side of England. The fall of the great Norman House of Kildare was followed by the ruin of the chiefs of Offaly and Leix, and ere long by Desmond rebellions; and vast confiscated tracts received swarms of colonists, extending the ever growing domain of conquest. Ireland, too, became more or less involved in the Catholic crusade against Elizabeth, and the animosities of conflicting faiths increased the horrors of a war of race. Meanwhile the power of England steadily advanced; the conquered territories were made shireland; military governors were placed in the subdued provinces; and old royal and feudal claims were revived, to further the process of spoliation which was the main aim of the council in Dublin. The leaders of more than one Norman house, and several heads of the Irish tribes, struggled fiercely against the destiny at hand; and if there never was a general or national rising, impossible in such a state of society, their efforts were often bold, nay, heroic.—*O Conor Morris in the Irish Monthly.*

*Humbug—Ed.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

CASUALTIES IN IRELAND.

On the morning of Sept. 2, a woman named Mary Ann Whitla, wife of a keeper in Down lunatic asylum, was found dead in the kitchen of her house in Bridge street, Downpatrick. The deceased was seen going into her house about nine o'clock the previous night. Next morning her husband, who is a letter carrier for the asylum, on his way to the post office, called at the house, and found her dead on the floor.

One night recently a man named John Collins, who was returning home at Rowls Nunan, near Meelin, was attacked by five men who appeared to be armed and disguised. Collins was badly beaten, several of his teeth being knocked out and his lip split, after which his assailants departed. Collins is a caretaker for a man named Jeremiah Singleton, who has a farm at Rowls Nunan. Two persons have been arrested, both of whom, it is alleged, have been identified by Collins before Mr. A. Longford, J. P. The prisoners were remanded.

On the morning of Sept. 15, Mr. Jas. Pringle, J. P., Annagh House, Aughnacloy, who was one of the old Tyrone Liberal association, and afterwards the proposer of T. W. Russell as a Unionist, and a member of the Tyrone grand jury, dropped dead at his residence while preparing to go to the Moy fair. He was largely engaged in the horse trade, and was one of the largest shippers to England.

At Killarney, on Thursday, September 3 an old woman named Mary Martin, aged 60 years, who resided in Pig's lane, off College street, got a fit and died suddenly from heart disease.

A Worthy Entertainment.

The Sheridan (North Side) Club will give a ball and reception, for the benefit of one of its oldest and most deserving members, at Cline's Hall, southeast corner of Huron and Wells streets, on Saturday evening, Oct. 10. As the object of the entertainment is a most worthy one, it is hoped that the attendance will be very large. Tickets, admitting lady and gentleman, are fifty cents.

The many remarkable cures of catarrh effected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is conclusive proof that this loathsome and dangerous disease is one of the blood, only needing such a searching and powerful curative to thoroughly eradicate it.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

A DISPATCH INTERCEPTED.

Soon afterwards Teeling returned with the report of his interview.

"I found Miss Fortescue plunged in the most poignant grief," he said; "she has received tidings of the brother's death—that he died in excruciating pain—heavens! you would pity her. However, the fate of an army and the lives of many brave men were at stake. I informed her of the capture of the male spy and showed her the dispatches, upon which she became pale and trembled. I then told her the necessity of leaving here at once if she would save her life—that her secret was safe with us. She has complied, and gone off with an escort to Ballina to see the remains of her brother. And now for the recruits, and the committee, and the general business of the Irish Republic."

"But what of her accomplice? what of Crofton?"

"What would you expect," responded Teeling, with a look of surprise, "save that he receive his deserts—the doom of a British spy? The court martial will sit in the morning, but what with the overwhelming proofs against the prisoner and the detestation in which French *militaires* hold such vermin as the one we have caught, the proceedings are likely to be short and decisive, a mere formality in fact."

"Teeling, you have just conferred one great obligation upon me. May I beg you to follow it with another?"

"It's nature?"

"To endeavor to save the wretched man's life. He is my bitter personal enemy, and therefore I feel bound to do all in my power to extricate him from this serious difficulty — ay, bound in the strictest honor"

"A very serious one indeed, and I fear you task will be still more serious," remarked Teeling drily.

"But I rely upon you to assist me in the matter," persisted Barrett, with increasing earnestness. "Anyhow, what is to be gained by hanging the unfortunate fellow, spy though he be? Better send him with contempt about his business. Come, etat major, your influence with Humbert is great; pray use it for me in this instance."

With much reluctance the young Ulstonian at length yielded.

"Bah! Barrett, you almost disgust me. You are animated, I know, by a spirit of Christian chivalry, but in this case your desire is a mere distortion of it, an overscrupulous whim. The fellow is not worth your consideration—what! the poltroon who basely attended a duel tryst only for the purpose of having his challenger arrested and given over to death! Well, well, I cannot refuse your request, but I pity its motive. Faugh! a spy caught skulking away with a carefully prepared programme for the English hangman! I am deeply ashamed to have to make such an appeal to Gen. Humbert; however, I will see him in the morning."

But Teeling was spared the trouble of the promised intercession.

That same night, as the captured spy was sitting in his cell, shivering with the ague of fear, as in fancy he faced the French platoon and looked into the muzzles of the row of presented fusils which were to spout fire into his face, bullets into his heart and brain, as he cursed the fate which had placed him in such a desperate plight; aye, and cursed even the fair face and steely-blue eyes of Mabel Fortescue, who, he bitterly felt, had used him only as a tool in her fever of vengeance against the slayers of her brother, the rector, he was aroused by a tapping at the window of his cell, and the jingling fall of something on the floor.

"There's a file, Misther Crofton, whispered the voice of Billy Moran; the bars are thin and rusty, the sill timber is rotten. There is no guard here at the rear but myself, so don't be afeared. When you get out lave the town by the Linen Hall side, and make for Tyrawly—'tis the safest quarther. The password tonight is 'Liberty.' Now, work away like the divil."

Next morning that particular cell in the prevot was found empty.

CHAPTER XII.

WEARY WAITING.

Days of anxious delay and expectation ensued in Castlebar. The grateful news was daily looked for of the arrival of the fleet conveying the forces of Kilmaine and Hardi, before which it was confidently believed every shred of English military power in Ireland would decay and disappear. Morning and evening longing eyes looked for the couriers who were to bear the gladsome tidings of guaranteed success.

Meanwhile the work of organization was proceeded with. Thousands of fresh recruits poured in, but, on the other hand, many of the original ones, who had received arms and uniform, stole away to visit their wives and families.

Local men of influence and respectability came in and gave their hearty service and co operation—thus bringing a new set of insurgent actors upon the stage.

Prominent among these was a dashing young counsellor, James Joseph McDonnell (son of a wealthy Mayo gentleman, Joe McDonnell, of Carnacon, near Lough Carra). Spirited and energetic, of strong democratic principles and national aspirations, he had been sent by the people of Mayo to represent them at the late convention in Dublin, and went near being excluded from the Irish bar by the fierce political bigots who controlled it on account of his stirring patriotic speech on that occasion. He was accompanied to Castlebar by his neighbor, Col. Blake, a member of an old and respectable Connacht family. The barrister spoke the French language fluently, and was invaluable in his knowledge of the country and the people, and Humbert, at once recognizing his high talents, appointed him general and entrusted him with the organization of West Mayo, whereupon Counsellor McDonnell proceeded to Westport with a French officer, and took up his abode there in the abandoned mansion of Browne, Earl of Altamont, which by this time had been partly plundered by the people.

"A splendid headquarters for an Irish general," he humorously remarked afterwards when reporting progress in Castlebar, "but with the cellar most wofully dry, the people having made free with his lordship's stock of select wines. The Altamont bullocks make most satisfactory diet for the Irish army, which has been strongly reinforced by the old clans of Umhall-O'Malley. Allow me, General."

He introduced to Humbert a number of his lieutenants, among whom the members of a family prolific in the neighborhood of Croagh Patrick were remarkably abundant—Tom Gibbons and his brother John (an aged, respectable man, who had been formerly agent to Lord Altamont), and John's son, Ned, and Austin Gibbons, a sea captain. As representatives of another numerous clan in the same western quarter came Augustine O'Malley and several of his kinsmen. O Malley was a gentleman of distinguished and courteous manners, and a duellist of the first water.

A spirited and patriotic farmer, named Valentine Jordan, and Patrick Powell, a gallant young gentleman of good family, were also prominent among the new acquisitions. The former acquired useful celebrity as a daring and enterprising scout.

Money falling short it was contemplated to levy a money requisition of two thousand guineas on Castlebar, which, however, seemed impracticable and was abandoned. For the preservation of civil order a mayor and six municipal officers were appointed from among the most respectable inhabitants. A "republican government" was even established, consisting of twelve members named by Humbert, the president being Mr. John Moore, of Moore Hall, the son of a Mayo landlord, whose estate was worth £4,000 a year. A proclemation was issued appointing Castlebar (until further orders) the seat of the "republican government of the province of Connacht," and ordering the organization of an army of 12,000 men. All should be declared rebels and traitors who, having received arms and clothing, did not rejoin the army within twenty four hours. Every individual between the ages of sixteen and forty, inclusive, was called upon to repair to the French camp, in the name of the Irish Republic.

The arms taken at the battle now proved useful, but it was only found possible to supply pikes to the great mass of the new levies; and pike making went on space.

A rather unwieldy and unmanageable lot those same levies were, and very fatiguing and exasperating was the labor thrown upon the insurgent officers in the way of preserving order and discipline, and in some cases of preventing plunder; for many of the country people had quite a facile turn for looting, with special regard to the houses of leading and active loyalists. At Castlebar, with the zest and skill of Cossacks, they effectively pillaged the mansion of their landlord oppressor, Bingham, Earl of Lucan; some of the looters not knowing the nature or value of the property they grabbed in the general scramble for spoil.

A female peasant who had seized as her prize a queer, gilt, glass faced affair, had hoisted it on her back, and was making her way across the bogs, when lo! it began to chime and tinkle in a most appalling manner. She at once cast the bewitched article—a clock of exquisite workmanship—into a bog hole, and made off in alarm shouting, "The divil! the divil!"

Curious old time notions those peasants brought to the field—the prejudices and memories of the politico-religious war of a century before; and these were even more fully and more bitterly retained on the opposing side; for while the Connacht peasant insurgent strictly avoided bloodshed save in the heat of battle, the Orange yeomen hanged and butchered on all occasions without mercy. The peasants' prejudices sprung rather from instinct than sectarian dislike. How shocked they were at seeing their French allies eat meat on Friday! Hard was it for them to conceive that Catholics could have any other allies than Catholics. But to them a Protestant was an old established foe, always a loyalist, very frequently an Orangeman.

"Sure it's only the house of a Protestant," some of them were wont to remark in surprise to Teeling, Barrett, and others whose vigilance interfered with their looting speculations.

"I know no difference between a Protestant and a Catholic," the etat-major would reply indignantly, "nor shall I suffer persons of any sect to be injured."

"Catholics and Protestants!" ejaculated Humbert angrily, in a discussion which afterwards ensued on this vexatious subject; "as if they were not to be found in both camps—as if Monsieur l'Eveque, of Killala, Protestant though he be, could be more bitter against us than the Catholic prelate yonder in Galway, whose pastoral, sacre! is a blow in the teeth to liberty. Translate us that choice morsel again, Citizen Roche."

Roche read and translated the passage referred to. It was from a pastoral issued in the previous May by Dr. Edward Dillon, bishop of Kilmacduagh and archbishop elect of Tuam, afterwards known to many of his congregation as "the Orange Bishop," on account of his support of the Union, and was as follows:

"The wrath of Heaven could scarcely visit us with a more dreadful scourge than that of a French invasion. Witness the atrocities that have marked their steps in every country into which they have intruded themselves—our churches pillaged, our holy religion proscribed, our Holy Father stripped of that property which enabled him to display a generosity and benevolence worthy of his high position, and to propagate the Gospel of Christ among the most distant nations of the globe. Such are the blessings which, under the name of liberty, have been bestowed upon many neighboring nations by the rulers of the French people."

"Admirable! Pretty salute that, messieurs, from one of your leading Catholics. Dillon, eh—surely an aristocratic name? Any relative of *la beau* Dillon, who was killed by his own soldiers at Lille, or of Count Arthur, who died on the scaffold shouting, 'Vive le roi?" No. 'Tis strange then; know you how many of the priests favor us in this church district—how call you it?"

"The archdiocese of Tuam," replied Counsellor McDonnell; "I know but three—Father Manus Sweeney, of Newport; Friar Miles Prendergast, and Father Michael Gannon."

"Ah, my brave fournissier-general! a host in himself," exclaimed the general with enthusiasm; "hear him yonder, animating the people. Aha! the right spirit would quickly spread had we many such as *la pere* Gannon."

Opposite to where the group of officers stood, a clergyman, leaning from a window of the French headquarters, was addressing a surging mass of insurgents, whose bayonets and pikes glittered all over the square, and who cheered enthusiastically as he informed them that "he wished well to their cause, and, though he could not think of taking any military command, he would pray for their success and march in their ranks."

Father Gannon, the reverend orator in question, was a tall and handsome man, dressed in silk clothes of peculiar cut and a large hat of military shape. In France he had been domestic chaplain to the Duc de Crillon, and afterwards—the duke having been put to death by the "reds"—to the duchess. He had attached himself warmly to the national cause, and, being a fluent French speaker and a man of dignified and agreeable manners, was a great favorite with the french officers, especially with Humbert, who had appointed him "furnisher of provisions." This worthy soggarth's patriotic exhortations tended greatly to animate and sustain the spirit of the people.

But this at length began to show serious symptoms of flagging, as a partial result of the long delay in Castlebar and the doubt and anxiety arising therefrom. Humbert persisted in awaiting the armaments of Kilmaine and Hardi. In vain he was urged to march onward—that Roscommon, Longford, Westmeath, only awaited his advent to go into fierce and general revolt—that the English generals were making rapid preparations to take him like a rat in a trap.

One morning Roche showed Patrick Barrett a letter he had received from a Mayo gentleman of old and respectable family—namely, Francis French, of Cottage, near Ballyhaunis. It said:

"The enemy are coming forward on both sides, and intend to put you between two fires; Plunket is ready with two thousand men whenever he is ordered."

The Plunket refered to, a relative of the writer of the note, was leader of the United Irishmen of Roscommon. Soon afterwards a disquieting rumor in connection with him was substantiated; consulting his own safety, the traitor had surrendered himself to Dr. Law, the Protestant bishop of Elphin, and abandoned and betrayed his followers.

Almost simultaneously came the news that a powerful English army, under Lord Cornwallis in person, was encamped at Tuam, thirty miles distant, preparing to march on Castlebar.

Col. Patrick Barrett was now dispatched into north Mayo to push on the business of organization there. He bore a special dispatch ordering the two hundred French left in Killala to march at once to rejoin the main body. As he rode that fine morning—five days after the battle—out of Castlebar, and glanced back at the waving flags of green and tricolor, the blue clad troops on parade, the circle of expiring camp fires, it was with a deep presentiment that when next he saw it the county town would have changed masters.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Laoidh na Sealga.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Mheasamuirne gur easbhaidh bidh
Thug air an laoch bheith gan cruth,
Gur 'nna teagaire bhi sé
Do thainig a g-céin le sruth,

D'fhiafruighmuirne do'n bh-fear crion,
An bh-faca sé laoich go ngoil,
Is roime amach air sheol
Eilid óg agus dha choin.

Nfor ráidh Fionn freagradh ar sgeil,
Gurab é féin righ na bh-Fiann,
Gur léig le Caoilte a rún,—
An fear lútha do bhí dian.

Air g-clos dúinn dearbhadh an sgéil
Gurab é Fionn féin bhí ann,
Léigmid trí gartha grod,
Do chuirfeadh broic as gach gleann.

D'éirighe Conán maol go borb,
A's nochtas a choig go dian,
Do mhaliaigh sé Fionn go beacht,
Do mhaliaigh se fo seacht an Fiann.

"Damhsa m' feas gur tú Fionn,
Do bhainfinn an ceann sin diot;
Is tú nár mhaoidh anois no riamh,
Mo ghoil, mo ghliadh, no mo ghnfomh.

"Is é m' aonlocht air do chruth,
Gan an Fhiann uile bheith mar táir,
Go ndeargfainn mo shleagh 's mo lann,
Go g-claidhfinn do leacht air lár.

"O marbhadh Cumhail na g-cliar
Re mac Mórna na sgiath n-óir
Ni bh-fuilmaoidne acht ar ndith
'S a bh-full beo dhinn ni d'á dheoin."

Caoilte—"Mar m-beith an cruth a bh-fuil Fionn
'S gur púdhar rian é mar tá,
A Chonáin mhaoil tá gan chéill,
Bhrisfinn-se do bheul go cnamh."

Eirghios Oscar fear fa teann,—
"Sgiur dod' chalgacht ní sa mó,
A Chonáin mhaoil tá gan chéill,
Nach rug béim an aghaidh gleoidh."

Conán—"Is beag mo spéis ann do ghlór,
A mhic Oisin ba mór baois,
'S nach raibh do mhaith a bh-Fionn féin
Acht cognadh a mhéir go smaois.

Sinne féin do ghidh an gnfomh,
Ni shiad Cianna Baoisgne bog,
Beidh Oisin ad' dhiaigh
Ag iomchar leabhar bán a's clog.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Vapor Poison and Its Antidote.

The morning and evening mists that pervade the atmosphere of malarious localities cannot be breathed with impunity. A safeguard is needed to render harmless the dangerous miasmata with which they are impregnated. The surest safest, defense is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is an antidote to the poison which has already been inhaled and borne fruit, an adequate preventive of its harmful effects. No preparative for breathers of miasma tainted air or drinkers of malaria poisoned water like the Bitters. It completely neutralizes the otherwise irresistible onset of the aerial foe. Settlers on newly cleared land, excavators of canal routes (notably that on the Isthmus of Panama), western pioneers and emigrants—in short, all subjected to malarial influences in air or water find in it a benign remedy, an effectual safeguard. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, "la grippe," rheumatism and kidney complaints are remedied by the Bitters.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of THE CITIZEN will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials Address F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

400 Miles as the Crow Flies

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on Sept. 29, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes. For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or address any ticket agent.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

YOUNG DESPERADOES.

They Robbed Systematically for Three Years.

OFFICERS TRY TO CAPTURE THEM,

But After an Exchange of Shots They Escape to the Timber Swearing They Will Not Be Taken Alive—Ralph Ray, the Matricide, Captured—Lynching of a Negro Man and Woman in Mississippi—Terrible Deathbed Confession.

CARTHAGE, Ills., Sept. 29.—Plymouth, Augusta, Denver and Bowen have suffered for three years from systematic robberies, and until last Saturday no clew could be obtained as to the thieves. Scott's store at Denver was robbed Friday night of a quantity of revolvers and other articles, and suspicion rested on one Jarvis, living with his brother and mother two miles from the village. Constable William Saunders of Denver, with six deputies, armed with a search warrant, went to the Jarvis house, placed the two boys under arrest and searched the premises. A large quantity of Winchester rifles, revolvers, shotguns, razors and 10-cent novels were found.

Wounded a Constable.

One of the boys commenced shooting and was fired on by the constables. Ten shots were fired, Saunders being hit in the leg and the boys escaping into the timber. Sheriff Helms and Deputy Charles Weiseman were summoned, and with deputies they hunted Saturday night and Sunday morning. About noon Sunday Weiseman arrested Thresher, a brother-in-law of the Jarvis boys, on suspicion. Becoming frightened and on promise of release he said that he had $30 he was going to give the Jarvis boys to escape on and agreed to call the boys out of the woods with an agreed signal.

Would Not Be Taken Alive.

This was done, and as they came out they saw the posse and started to run, saying they would never be taken alive. Several shots were fired at them, some of them taking effect, but the boys once more escaped. A large body of men with the sheriff and deputy have the woods surrounded and the Jarvis boys, well armed, are at bay in a cave in the woods. It will probably result in a starve-out. All three robbers are under 18 years of age and it is presumed that trashy literature was the cause of their depredations.

HIS HANDS RED WITH BLOOD.

Terrible Confession of a Dying Man at Shamokin, Pa.

SHAMOKIN, Sept. 29.—John Girock was stricken with typhoid fever a month ago and died Monday night. Just before his death he made a confession in which he said that seven years ago, while working at Sunbury, he and a man named Charles Ward murdered Oscar Black, who worked on a railroad with them and robbed him of his savings. The body was buried under an old tool house. When asked next day about Oscar's absence they said he left for his home in Poland.

Other Murders Committed.

Richard, a brother of Oscar, suspecting foul play instituted a searching investigation and, fearful of being discovered, the assassins lured him into the country and killed him. The body was buried in a swamp and the murderers reported next day that Richard had gone to join his brother in Poland. Soon after the pair came to Shamokin and worked in the mines. A peddler stopped at their home one night for shelter and in an unguarded moment mentioned that he had $150. He was shot dead and robbed and the body thrown down an air hole.

MURDERED HIS MOTHER.

Ralph Ray Captured While on His Way to Mexico.

DURANGO, Colo., Sept. 29.—Sheriff Longnecker has returned to this city having in custody Ralph Ray, aged 20 years, who murdered his mother last week. He has made a confession to the sheriff. He says that last Wednesday morning he quarreled with his mother, who objected to his going to the fair at Farmington, as he desired. He struck her on the head with a hatchet and stabbed her in the breast three times. She died almost instantly. Young Ray immediately mounted a horse and started for Mexico. The father of the young murderer had gone insane over the terrible affair.

Sad Case of Suicide.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 29.—At the oratorical contest held at Cotner university Tuesday afternoon, Marion Gadd took the second prize. The young man hastily left the room after the announcement of the prizes and blew his brains out with a revolver. Later developments revealed the fact that young Gadd was deeply in love with the accomplished daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens of Lincoln and that she had promised to marry him in case he won the first prize in the oratorical contest, otherwise she would have nothing to do with him.

Sentenced to Six Years' Imprisonment.

BUFFALO, Sept. 29.—William Gould, Jr., of Albany, who was found guilty of aiding and abetting Bookkeeper Whitney in falsifying the accounts of the Albany City National bank by means of which he was enabled to overdraw his account many thousands of dollars, has been sentenced by Judge Coxe in the United States district court to six years' imprisonment in the Albany county penitentiary.

Negro Man and Woman Lynched.

HELLANDALE, Miss., Sept. 29.—A white bartender named Davis was called outside of his saloon by a quadroon woman named Lou Stevenson. While they were engaged in conversation a negro named White came up and shot Davis dead. The negro and the woman, who it appears had conspired to kill Davis, were captured by a mob, taken to a railroad bridge and hanged.

Freight Thieves Sentenced.

MANSFIELD, O., Sept. 29.—John Spoolman, George Cunningham, and Burton and Elmer Hively, all married men, have been sentenced to the penitentiary, the first two for five years and the last two for three years each. They were indicted for entering freight cars on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Lexington, a small town in this county.

Indicted a Bank Robber.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 29.—The grand jury Monday returned two indictments against Major William Tillman for grand larceny and embezzlement, charging him with stealing $7,000 from the Falls City bank. The witnesses examined included the bank officials and stockholders and expert accountants.

Preacher Accused of Embezzlement.

TOPEKA, Kan., Sept. 29.—A warrant was issued Monday for the arrest of Rev. John D. Knox for embezzlement. The complaint is made by L. O. Fisk, of Boston, who alleges that Knox, as his agent, collected money and refused to turn it over. About a year ago Knox failed here in the banking business. He had been banking for twenty years, and his credit was considered good.

Female Horsethief Arrested.

VALLEY MILLS, Tex., Sept. 29.—A woman giving her name as Jennie Sadler was arrested near Valley Mills with two stolen horses in her possession. She was dressed in male attire and looked like a cowboy of 18 years. She admits she was to turn her stolen horses over to some men who were to meet her, but refuses to give their names.

"Samuel of Posen" on Trial.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29.—The trial of Maurice B. Curtis (Samuel of Posen) for the murder of Officer Grant, began Monday. Only three witnesses were heard, all of whom gave testimony similar to that given by them before the coroner. The case was then adjourned until Saturday.

Murdered by a Woman.

ALTON, Ills., Sept. 29.—G. E. Cochran, a traveling man from Mulberry Grove, was shot and instantly killed here by Mrs. Celia M. Phillips. The deceased leaves a wife and child and was about 28 years old.

WEDDED A BARON AND RUED IT.

An American Girl Whose Marriage Was Very Bad a Failure.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Sept. 29.—Baroness Destures, wife of the Belgian minister in Paris, Monday filed papers in a suit for divorce against her husband. The papers were served on the baron in Paris Saturday and he has cabled instructions to an attorney to make an appearance and defense. The complaint recites that the baron and baroness were married in New York, May 20, 1875, and that ever since their marriage the baron has pursued a course of extreme cruelty toward the plaintiff. While in Paris she says that the baron applied foul epithets and accused his wife of not being chaste; that on June 14, 1890, defendant by fraud and false representation attempted to procure her incarceration in an institution for the confinement of insane persons.

Wanted His Wife's Money.

It is maintained that the baron was anxious to secure control of his wife's estate, the annual income of which is estimated at $80,000, and to do this it was necessary to prove that she was insane. To escape the evil scheme of her husband the baroness left the home of her husband in Paris at midnight and took the train for Germany. Then she came to America, where she was advised by relatives to secure a separation. Before her marriage the baroness was a Miss Carey, niece of John Jacob Astor, and her marriage was a society sensation in New York.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

A Colorado Miner Going to Search for Treasure in the Land of Ophir.

CHICAGO, Sept. 29.—W. C Wynkoop is going to hunt for King Solomon's mines, those spoken of by H. Rider Haggard. When he finds these mines he thinks he will have discovered the Land of Ophir, where the Bible says King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba unearthed their riches. Mr. Wynkoop is a Colorado miner and editor of The Mining Industry. He is being sent to Africa to search for the mines of Ophir by a London syndicate.

Ruins of an Ancient City Found.

Mr Wynkoop called on Chief Skiff of the mines department and promised if his investigations resulted in the discovery of anything he would furnish descriptions for the benefit of the department. The particular region to which Mr. Wynkoop is going is a mining territory in a range of mountains in Central Africa about 10 degrees south of the equator and on the edge of the unknown interior of the continent, where scientists think was the Land of Ophir. The ruins of an ancient city have been discovered there.

Charity Begins at Home.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—The London Chronicle, in commenting on the recently cabled dispatch giving a description of his visit to Whitechapel by Chauncey M. Depew, declares that while that portion of London no doubt is wretched enough, the learned doctor would not have to travel far from the Grand Central station at New York to find sights quite as horrible, but of which he apparently knows nothing. It adds that a recent visitor to the slums of the east end from Chicago, who went over every inch of the ground, stated that he saw nothing so revolting as he had witnessed in his native city.

Illinois State Fair.

PEORIA, Sept. 29.—The Illinois state fair open here under the most favorable auspices. The exhibits in all departments never were so numerous or so fine before. One of the most interesting exhibits is that of fish caught in the Illinois river. In the ring there was a half-mile and repeat running race, won by Ulf, Emma Arnott second, Lida L. third; time, 55¼, 54. Mrs. McDonald and William Gibbs gave an exhibition of four-horse Roman chariot racing. Roseberry and Maude gave exhibitions of high jumping, the former clearing 5 ft. 11 in.

Impressive Ceremony at Rome.

ROME, Sept. 29.—At 8:30 a. m. Monday the pope celebrated mass in the presence of thousands of pilgrims in St. Peter. The ceremony was a most imposing one and the vast church was crowded with a reverend throng. Troops guarded the vicinity to maintain order, and the trumpeters of the Swiss guards heralded the approach of the potiff, who bore upon the shoulders of members of the papal guard in the Sedia Gastatoria bestowed benedictions right and left upon the people amid whom he passed.

That Sigri Incident Explained.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—The official report to the British foreign office of the operations at Sigri shows that by permission of the Turkish authorities the British landed eight guns on the island for practice purposes. Twelve electric contact mines were placed across the mouth of the harbor and connected up to the junction with the boat stations in order to protect the works, and the usual mining operations were executed.

WRECKS ON THE RAIL.

Rear End Collision on the Baltimore and Ohio.

AN ENGINEER SCALDED TO DEATH,

And a Man Who Was Riding on a Bumper Crushed in a Terrible Manner—A Runaway Oil Car Crashes into an Engine on the Northern Pacific Road, Resulting in the Death of the Engineer and Fireman—Other Fatal Mishaps.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Sept. 28.—A disastrous freight wreck occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at a water station, four miles west of Cumberland, in which two men were killed and three injured. Where the accident happened is a deep cut, a sharp curve and a grade. An extra freight was running at the rate of seventeen miles an hour and behind it came a regular freight, which was behind time running about twenty-two miles an hour. As the regular train rounded the curve the engineer saw the rear end of the other train and reversed his engine, but it was too late.

The Engineer Scalded to Death.

The fireman jumped and escaped with a few slight bruises. Engineer Earnest was thrown from the engine, which was wrecked completely. The escaping steam scalded him to death and his skin when handled came off in shreds. William Thorpe who was riding on a bumper midway the train was caught between two cars and terribly smashed, receiving injuries from which he died. Conductor Zimmerman, Brakeman Hardy and Lewis Rogers, who were in the caboose of the extra, were slightly injured. About seventeen cars were piled in a heterogenous mass on the tracks. The damage is placed at $10,000.

HOLOCAUST ON A RAILWAY.

Engineer, Fireman and Brakeman Frightfully and Fatally Burned.

FARGO, N. D., Sept. 28.—The westbound freight on the Northern Pacific Sunday morning switched a car of oil onto a side track at Buffalo, about thirty miles west of Fargo. It was not discovered until too late that the brake on the car would not work, and the car passed over the switch and out on the main track and started down the steep grade just as a cattle train of twenty cars started up the grade.

Collided with Awful Results.

The car struck the engine, scattering oil in all directions, the headlight on the engine setting it on fire. Engineer J. C. Curtis and Fireman W. E. Dodge were covered with the burning oil and died inside an hour. Brakeman Arthur A. Beaton was badly burned and will lose the sight of both eyes, and the chances are largely against his surviving the shock. Thirteen cars of cattle were set on fire by the burning oil and were wholly consumed.

MISCELLANEOUS ACCIDENTS.

Fatal Runaway Accident.

MARIETTA, Ga., Sept. 28.—The horses drawing a carriage in which four ladies were returing to their homes from church, ran away. The ladies were thrown out. Miss Katie Reynolds, aged 17, had her neck broken. Mrs. Merritt, her aunt, received internal injuries from which she died in a few hours. Miss Alma Kohlheim was badly hurt and is in a critical condition. Mrs. Reynolds, mother of Katie, jumped from the carriage but was not badly hurt.

Cremated on the Prairies.

WILLIAMSPORT, N. D., Sept. 28.—George W. Johnson and his son, who lived near Beaver Creek, were burned to death by the great Emmons county prairie fires. They had gone to put a head fire out, when the huge flames, leaping high as the house tops, swept over them, leaving burned and disfigured corpses. Mr. Tabor, an elderly gentleman living near Williamsport, is seriously burned and will probably die.

Fall of an Elevator.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 28.—By the breaking of a rope the elevator in the sewer in course of construction in Greene avenue was precipitated to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of sixty feet. There were six men on the elevator at the time, two of whom—Thomas McLaughlin, 25 years old, of 57 Georgia avenue, and James Malloy, 26 years old, of 771 Dean street, were seriously injured.

Brave Man Badly Hurt.

ALLEGAN, Mich., Sept. 28.—While trying to stop a runaway horse drawing a wagon holding a man and three children the Rev. E. Andrus was knocked down and his scalp was torn from the front to the back of his head. His right collar bone and three ribs were also broken. He cannot recover.

Mcilvane Gives Up the Contest.

TUSCOLA, Ills., Sept. 28.—Thomas A. McIlvane (Dem.), who claims to be legally elected county treasurer over E. L. Root (Rep.) yesterday withdrew his suit and the matter is ended. Root was elected by a plurality of seven votes according to the returns, and the case has been in litigation for nearly a year.

Death of Professor Hodge.

PRINCETON, N. J., Sept. 28.—Dr. Caspar Wistar Hodge, professor of New Testament literature and exegesis in the Princeton theological seminary, died Sunday. The professor has been sick all summer.

Calisha Ellis, a farmer living nea Windsor, Ills., was struck on the head by a limb from a dead tree and rendered unconscious. He fell into a brush fire he was tending at the time and was burned to death.

A French electrician has gotten up a device by which he can send 150 typewritten words per minute over a single wire.

A heavy exporter of Paris named Franchette has absconded and is on his way to the United States.

The body of James Downes, a former resident of Detroit, was found on Presque isle. Downes was in the employ of the lighthouse department and was drowned last spring while in the performance of his duties.

At Baxley, Bales & Co.'s tie camp, near Way Cross, Ga., Harry Jackson was shot three times by Neil Talbert. Jackson is dead. Talbert escaped to the swamps, chased by a large crowd of negroes.

The Princess Ludwig of Bavaria gave birth a few days ago to her thirteenth child. Twelve of her children are living.

HARRASSING TO AMERCIANS.

Three of Uncle Sam's Subjects Arrested by the Chilian Junta.

VALPARAISO, Sept. 28.—News of serious import to the United States government and to Americans generally reached here from Santiago. It is to the effect that the leaders of the junta, for what reason does not yet clearly appear, have for the last few days adopted a course which has had the result of harrassing Americans. The junta has put forth the claim that it has the right to arrest any one, no matter of what nationality, who may be found on the street or anywhere else outside of the four walls of the legation. In keeping with this claim a number of foreigners have already been placed under arrest.

Minister Egan Protests.

Among them are three Americans who were engaged in business here. The matter went so far that every person having occasion to visit the American legation was ordered to obtain a permit from the intendente before he was allowed to go into the place. To enforce this rule a force of police were put on guard outside the legation and patrolled the block day and night until Friday last, when Minister Egan entered a most vigorous protest to the whole proceeding, and the police were withdrawn. It is said that the entire matter has been referred to the authorities at Washington.

The Matter Comes Up at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—A hurriedly called consultation was held at the executive mansion Monday morning between the president, Secretary Tracy, J. W. Foster, Commodore Ramsey, chief of the naval bureau of navigation, and Acting Secretary Wharton of the state department. The meeting was called to take action on the manner of the junta's treatment of American citizens in Chili. No information has been given out as yet.

ANTOHER BALLOON HORROR.

Fatal Accident to an Aeronaut at Mount Pleasant, Mich.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Sept. 28.—The balloon craze has claimed another victim and as a result of a foolhardy venture late Friday afternoon Lewis B. Earl of Marshall lies dead of a broken neck and Frank Thayer of this city is suffering from a fractured arm and severe internal injuries. Earl made a pretty and successful ascension Thursday. There was a big crowd on the grounds Friday afternoon. By way of diversion it was agreed that Thayer and Earl should go up together. Just before 6 o'clock the balloon was let go. It shot upward rather slowly with Earl sitting on the trapeze bar and Thayer suspended a few feet below him by some strong ropes.

Picked Up Dead.

The men had reached a height of about forty feet when suddenly to the great horror of the immense crowd of spectators one of the trapeze ropes was seen to give way and Earl and Thayer came whirling down to the ground. Earl was dead before he was reached by any of the spectators who gathered around, and a hasty examination by a physician showed that his neck was broken in the fall. Thayer's left arm was badly fractured, and he is also severely bruised and injured internally.

THE EARTH SHAKEN.

Shocks Felt at Chicago and Points in Ohio and Indiana.

CHICAGO, Sept. 28.—An earthquake shock was felt in this city shortly after 11 o'clock Saturday night. A number of attendants at the county hospital felt the shock distinctly. The vibrations wakened quite a number of the patients. Some of them were alarmed at the unusual sensation and wanted to know of the attendants what had happened. The shock was over in less than two minutes, but it was an hour before the effect of it passed off and the patients quieted down. The vibrations appeared to be from northeast to southwest.

At Cincinnati the shock was plainly felt by a number of persons. The guests at the St. Paul hotel were badly frightened. Rockers in residences at Columbus, Ind., were swayed to and fro and patients in the hospital were scared by the shock. Madison, Ind., felt three distinct shocks. The earthquake also made buildings tremble and bricks fall from chimneys at Browns, Ia.

Public Whipping in Delaware.

WILMINGTON, Sept. 28.—Saturday morning Sheriff Simmons whipped seven criminals in the jail yard at Newcastle. There was but little interest shown in the affair, and only a small crowd gathered. The victims were Charles Nugent, William Lewis, William Banks, William S. Scanlan and James Boyce, each five lashes; William Peach, ten lashes; John Cummins, one hour in the pillory and twenty lashes. The latter will have to serve a term of three years for housebreaking.

Forest Fires in Wisconsin.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, Sept. 28.—Forest fires are raging all over Chippewa county. Considerable timber land, barns containing summer crops, stock, etc., have been burned. Several villages have been burned. On all sides reports of fires spreading rapidly are coming in. Air in this city is thick with smoke, and unless there is heavy rains soon there will be great damage.

German Anarchists Sentenced.

BERLIN Sept. 28.—Six anarchists have been tried privately and sentenced to from six months to two years imprisonment for circulating prohibited literature, namely, The Anarchist paper, Autonomie. The paper is printed in London, and contained expressions alleged to be treasonable and insulting to the emperor.

Practicing Night Marches.

VIENNA, Sept. 28.—The Russians are practicing forced night marches and other manœuvres on the Russian side of the Pruth, with the aid of electric lights. Roumania is alarmed at these movements, and is concentrating troops on her frontier. The Roumanian cavalry has been ordered to Upper Moldavia.

Big Fire at Slatington, Pa.

BETHLEHEM, Sept. 23.—The largest fire for years visited the borough of Slatington Thursday night. Gross, Fritzinger & Co.'s hardware store, Horlacher's saloon, Neff's hotel and several private residences were destroyed. Loss, $50,000; mostly insured.

O'Connor Wins the Race.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., Sept. 28.—O'Connor won the great single scull race here yesterday. Hanlon was second and the Australians, Dutch and Stevenson, finishing third and fourth respectively.

THE NEWS IN BI...

It appears that the government's rain-making process is a patent affair, the owner being an aged Confederate officer, General Daniel Ruggles. General Ruggles' application is dated at Austin, on Feb 24, 1870, and his papers were filed in the patent office on June 7, 1890. The patent is entered "Method of precipitating rainfalls."

The Rev. T. S. Guthrie of Muncie, Ind., has accepted a call to the Universalist church of Decatur, Ills., to take the place made vacant by the removal of the Rev. Sophie Gibbs to Janesville, Wis.

In North Warren, Me., weekly prayer meetings have been held uninterruptedly for seventy years, without the help of any minister, except for an occasional lecture.

The French are now painting their war vessels a dull, sulphurous gray, exactly the color of smoke as it arises from cannons. They say this color has the advantage of being as illusive and indistinguishable in fogs and sea mists and darkness as during the smoke of battle. It is more baffling to the search light than any other tint.

Louis Bouche of St. Louis, was fatally stabbed by August Bedorth, his brother-in-law. Bauche was trying to eject the latter from a house given to him by Bauche's father.

The North Nebraska Methodist conference resolved against opening the World's fair Sunday.

At Lincoln, Neb., a team became frightened at an electric car and caused the death of Mrs. James Johnson of Weeping Water.

According to the statement compiled by the New York Produce exchange the visible supply of wheat in store and afloat Saturday was 24,343,614 bushels, an increase of 2,607,773 bushels, and of corn 9,249,335 bushels, an increase of 962,636 bushels.

Fire destroyed a block at Utica, N. Y., owned by Fred Weiler, Mrs. Weiler, and Charles Cox. Loss, $55,000; insurance, $72,000.

It is feared that the steel tug Lady Ellen, which left Grand Rapids, Wis., on the 7th inst. with six men on board, has been lost off Long Point in Lake Winnipeg.

William Ferrell, said to be the most noted meteorologist in the world, died at Maywood, Kan.

Mrs. Margaret Mather, wife of Samuel Mater, of Denver, committed suicide.

The Tennessee legislature, which has just adjourned, passed an apportionment bill by which the Democrats gain several seats in both houses.

Engall, Holler & Co., New York, will build a large distillery at Nebraska City, Neb., to fight the whisky trust.

President Fitzgerald of the Irish National league of America, is slowly recovering at Lincoln, Neb.

Considerable damage was done to shipping and crops in England and Wales by a hurricane.

W. F. Murphy and A. A. Zimmerman broke the world's one-mile tandem record at the Peoria, Ind., tournament, accomplishing the feat in 2:24 1-5. They also lowered the half-mile record 2-5 of a second. Zimmerman won the invitation safety race, covering the last quarter in 31 seconds.

At St. Louis, in the Odd Fellows' grand prize for cantons, the purse for $1,700, divided into three parts, for the best drilled canton, Canton Elwood, No. 33, of Indiana, was first, and Canton Occidental, of Chicago, fourth. Chevalier T. R. H. Smitz, of Canton Occidental, of Chicago, won the individual drill of $150, divided into three parts.

A number of veterans were bruised in a collision on the Chicago and Northwestern railway near Beverly, Ia.

W. H. Davis was hanged at Pueblo, Colo., for the murder of his mother and her alleged paromour, James Arnold.

Two children of D. B. Snow of Ottawa, Ills., died within a few hours of each other of diphtheria.

Detective James Brown brought suit against the First National bank of Columbus, Ind., to obtain $37,500 due him for capturing Will Schrieber, the confidential clerk of the president, who fled to Canada in 1888 with $150,000.

In a fight between the families of Gottlieb Kellam and August Blunt, near Joliet, Ills, the latter's 10-year old girl was killed by Kellam. He is in jail.

George Barker of Catlin, Ills, was arrested for attempting to derail a train on the Wabash near Danville. He said he simply wanted to see a wreck.

Articles of incorporation of the Martin Car Coupler company, at Chicago, with a capital stock of $1,000,000, were filed with the secretary of the state of Illinois.

The Universalists of Iowa are holding their forty-ninth annual convention at Waterloo.

A freight train was wrecked by means of a coupling pin driven between the ends of rails near West Plains, Mo. The fireman was killed and the engineer badly scalded

Owen Brady of Butler, Pa., made an assignment to L. M Wise. Judgments were obtained against him aggregating $20,000.

At the meeting of the supreme lodge of Odd Fellows at St. Louis it was proposed to reduce the age of limitation from 21 to 18 years.

Henry Meyer was drowned while bathing in the Mississippi at Davenport, Ia. He leaves a widow and three children.

The adjutant general issued a new commission to Captain Henry A. Fuller of Company B, Fourth infantry, Illinois National guard, stationed at Newcastle.

The colored people of southern Illinois joined in an emancipation day celebration at Springfield. Addresses were delivered by Attorney General Hunt and Assistant United States Attorney John C. Mathis.

Flour at Minneapolis is in good demand at advanced prices. The output last week reached 180,930 barrels, against 178,160 the preceding week.

Articles of incorporation of the Western Union Building and Loan association at Chicago, capital stock $50,000,000, were filed with the secretary of the state of Illinois.

England is likely to have to pay Canadian sealers $500,000 or more as an indemnity for being driven out of Behring sea.

Richard Hurch made the distance between Jacksonville, Ills., and Winchester—sixteen and one-half miles—on a bicycle in 1hr. 2¾m., winning a $100 diamond badge.

C. W. Williams, of Independence, Ia., has accepted the offer of Dan J. Leathers, of Grand Rapids, Mich., to match Allerton against Bud Doble's Nancy Hanks at Lexington, Ky., Oct. 12, for a purse of $8,000, the winner to take all.

Arrangements have been made at Dublin to publish a paper in Parnell's interest.

The religious marriage of Miss Jennie Urquart, sister of Mrs. Jane Brown Potter, to Rene Raoul Duval was solemnized at Paris.

The sealing schooner Ocean Belle has returned to Victoria with 1,200 skins. It was warned out of Behring sea in June and went to the Russian coast, where the skins were obtained.

Rufus B. Kellogg, president of the Kellogg National bank and one of the most prominent citizens of Green Bay, Wis., died suddenly at Ridgefield, Conn., where he, with Mrs. Kellogg, had gone for his health.

Johnny Van Heest, a light-weight performer of Ironwood, Mich., knocked out William Morris and William Rickney.

One London correspondent in Paris declares that the feeling is growing hourly in France that war with Germany is imminent.

Thirteen boys ranging in age from 12 to 16 years, sons of respectable parents, are in jail at Kewanee, Ills., charged with burglaries recently committed there.

Wisconsin Methodists, in conference at Oshkosh, voted to admit women as lay delegates to the general conference.

Relatives of Allen Thorndyke Rice, late editor of the North American Review, propose to contest his will on the ground that there were only two witnesses to the instrument, whereas there should have been three.

General Butterfield, president of the society of the Army of the Potomac, announces the acceptance by that society of the invitation to be present at the unveiling of the Grant monument at Lincoln park, Chicago, Oct. 7.

The cricket match between the All Philadelphias and Lord Hawke's team of Englishmen began Friday morning on the grounds of the Germantown Cricket club. The Englishmen were first at bat and scored 259 runs.

Lizette, a bay mare owned by S. J. Peabody of Columbia City, Ind., and valued at $8,000, dropped dead under the wire, at Goshen, Ind., while trotting.

At Cincinnati a fly-wheel twenty feet in diameter, weighing twenty tons, burst in an electric powerhouse. Two men were slightly injured and the building damaged to the extent of $30,000.

Farm hands can find employment in the Red River Valley in North Dakota at from $2 to $3 per day.

It is reported that the Chinese authorities expect the European governments to unite in a demand for redress for recent outrages upon foreigners in China, and that they are therefore preparing for war.

At Newark, N. J., Ernest Lehman poisoned Emma Bush with paris green because she had jilted him.

It is alleged that there is a movement in the Minnesota Alliance to call an extra session of the legislature to make a law prohibiting the export of wheat.

Ephraim B. Ewing, Jr., formerly editor of the Jefferson City (Mo.) Tribune, is believed to have been murdered in Alaska, together with another white man and five Indians.

Washouts in Central New Mexico have made it impossible for trains to move for several days.

Peter Johnson, of Dassel, Minn., claims to have rediscovered the lost art of tempering copper.

Indications of silver in paying quantities have been discovered at Croix Falls, Wis.

George B. Howard, a pension agent, was arrested at Adrian, Mich., charged with embezzlement.

At Independence, Iowa, Allerton started to beat the stallion record to wagon of 2:20 held by Delmarch, and went the mile without a skip in 2:15. Egthorne trotted in 2:12½, and Pat Downing in 2:13.

Edge, the bicyclist, has broken the bicycle record by riding from London to Edinburgh, 397 miles, in 38hrs. 44½m.

Mrs. L. A. Park of Waukesha, Wis., was terribly burned by an explosion of gasoline. It is not thought she can recover.

The Welsh national council meeting with the Liberal Federation of Wales at Pont-y-Pridd, decided to raise £10,000 to carry on the campaign work for church disestablishment.

F. P. Hopper, a merchant of Sturgus, Mo., fatally stabbed David Roe, a customer, in a dispute over some fruit.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's house at Chelsea was entered by burglars. They entered the room in which he was lying asleep, stole his clothes, and all the plate and jewelry.

The Russian nobility are in comparatively as wretched circumstances as the peasantry. In October there will be nearly 900 estates belonging to nobles sold by auction at the instance of the State bank that has loaned them money on mortgages.

At Spartanburg, S. C., the mayor, J. Heineman, was killed by a negro.

At Swainsboro, Ga., Charles Mock, colored, was lynched by a mob.

The body of John Mitchell, colored, was found on the Wabash railroad bridge, near Keytesville, Mo. He was caught on the bridge and run down by a train.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 3 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Rosina Vokes.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Sara Bernhardt.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Minnie Hauk Grand Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street. between Clark and Dearborn—"Hoss and Hoss."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Duff Opera Company.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union "McKenna's Flirtations."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Jarbeau in "Starlight."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—Pete Baker.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets—Carroll Johnson in "The Gossoon."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—J. H. Wallick.

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.
Exposition Building, Michigan avenue, Adams and Monroe streets. Open 8 a. m. to 16 p. m. daily except Sunday.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

A MOMENTOUS IRISH CRISIS.

The Irish people everywhere were astonished at reading in the daily papers of Tuesday the announcement of Mr. James Stephens' return to Ireland, after an exile which has lasted since 1865. Following is the telegram which announces the event:

"DUBLIN, Sept. 28.—Mr. Jas. Stephens, formerly the well known Fenian head center, came to Ireland today under an assumed name. Only two friends knew of his arrival, and met him at Kingstown, after which they drove to the house taken for him in Dublin. The circumstances under which Mr. Stephens' compulsory exile has ended are unknown, but it is said that he is free to remain in Ireland in future.

"The *United Ireland* newspaper published a special issue this evening in which it says that 'Mr. Stephens' spirit is unchanged, and his love for Ireland is as warm and strong as when, forty-three years ago, he stood rifle in hand on the barricades at Ballingarry.'

"Mr. Stephens being interviewed at his residence, gave his views freely, saying that he supported the independent opposition as preached by Mr. Parnell, and added:

"'There never was any change in my mind, either with regard to Ireland's claims to nationhood or to the road that Irishmen must travel to enforce those claims. At the same time I recognize the circumstance that the majority of Irish men appear to have elected to try constitutional agitation at present, and I see no reason why I should pursue a dog in the manger policy. If parliamentary agitation leads to the benefit of Ireland I am glad of it; and I readily admit that some local benefits, especially connected with the land, have been won by the agitation of the last ten years. It is clear that the division in the Irish party has precipitated a crisis, when the country will require to know what form of Home Rule can be obtained from the British government, and also what specific national principle will be necessary to obtain that concession. I believe Mr. Parnell is right, and that those who lean on the promises of the English Liberals are wrong.'"

The convention of the Irish National League, which began its session here on Thursday, is mainly composed of men who ardently sympathize with the opinions of James Stephens in Irish politics. It is rather odd that they do not all seem to share his views in regard to Mr. Parnell. THE CITIZEN firmly believes that Mr. Stephens correctly interprets the national sentiment of Ireland. It would look unnatural to find him on the side of the place hunters and time servers. The present National League convention has a great game in its hands if it only chooses to take advantage of fortune. But it will not. There is no use in asking it to sustain Parnell, because the controlling influences of the gathering are, and will be, against him, for one reason or another. The rank and file, no doubt, would rally to Parnell if they were not hampered by the prejudices of those to whom they mostly look for the order of battle. Five years ago, at the plain dictation of the emissaries of Mr. Parnell, they yelled themselves hoarse in favor of that gentleman, and, thereby, indorsed his Portsmouth declaration that he would consider Home Rule a final settlement. This time, when Parnell has virtually confessed the errors of his former policy and declares for independent opposition, they will, in all likelihood, be against him. No doubt, they act sincerely, but do they act with political wisdom? What man among them doubts the patriotism of James Stephens or of the widow of John Martin and sister of John Mitchel?

It is an unfortunate fact that, as a race, we have not been great in political crises. It has not been, however, so much the fault of the people as of their leaders. The Volunteers of 1782 carried the nation to liberty, but the vanity of Flood and the constitutional caterwauling of Grattan threw away, in the end, all that had been gained. Clare was great in 1828-9, but Daniel O'Connell sacrificed, for Emancipation, the franchise of the forty shilling freeholders, and left them forever at the mercy of the landlords, who, in the hour of their need, paid them back with famine for their devotion to creed and country. Tipperary was great when it elected O'Donovan Rossa, and afterward John Mitchel, to represent it in the English Den of Thieves. It knew that neither would serve, but it distinctly showed to the whole world that the more England "felonized" an Irishman for loving his country, the more Tipperary honored him. But these, and a few other acts, are only isolated instances. As a nation we have been derelict, and had we been like other nations, we would have hewed our way to freedom, no matter who stood in our path. Ireland has had many martial heroes, but, since Brian died at Clontarf, no one to lead her to glory and independence as Bruce led Scotland, Winkelreid Switzerland, and Hofer the Tyrol.

If the Chicago convention had only the moral courage to declare for Parnell—and it could consistently range itself beside the Fenian chief, James Stephens—it would effect a counter revolution in Ireland, electrify Great Britain, and make Home Rule an immediate, instead of a remote, possibility. But the deed will not be dared, just because it ought to be dared. The Irish, brave in battle, are timid in council. They feel they ought to be bold, radical and revolutionary, but they are terrified by bugbears, and while ready, theoretically, to jump over a mountain, are intimidated by the handle of a broomstick lying in their path.

THE CITIZEN has received an appeal by the so called Irish National Federation to the Irish people. The men who sign it are mostly persons of position and character, but few among them have any idea of practical politics in Ireland. Their appeal will fall flat, unless, indeed, they should coalesce with the body assembled in this city. Both sections united would make a formidable showing, because the moral effect would be immense. They could compel union in Ireland, and thus face the foe with an unbroken front. However this may be, it is almost certain that the Chicago gathering, if it should fail to endorse Parnell, as is most likely, will take advanced ground, and indorse the policy of independent opposition to English parties, without reference to leadership, or seek to rally the Irish people on the old and heroic lines of 1848, 1865 and 1867.

THE "FOREIGN" PRESS IN AMERICA.

The immensity of the German element in this country may, in at least a manner, be known by the number of newspapers and periodicals that are printed in the German language in the United States. According to Rowell's newspaper guide there are in this country, over *eight hundred* newspapers and periodicals, printed entirely in the German language. This is, indeed, a good showing for our Teutonic fellow-citizens, and something of which they have a right to feel justly proud. It shows that while Germans form, and have for many years formed, the most numerous body of our immigrants, they don't want to let their language die in the land of their adoption. They seem to think that a man may be a very good American citizen whether he talks English or whether he does not. They seem to think that German or any other language known to a large body of its citizens, has as good a right to be spoken in this country as the English language has. America, strictly speaking, has no national language. English did not originate on this continent. It became the language of America by accident. There was a time when French seemed far more likely than English to become the dominant language of America. If Louis XIV had been less inclined to fight with his neighbors, more desirous to extend French rule in new countries, French and not English would in all probability be today the official and national language of America north of the Rio Grande.

While one is inclined to wonder at the immense number of German papers and periodicals printed in this country, he will, if he knows much about German social life in America, wonder vastly more as to how those 800 and odd papers and periodicals manage to live, for it is safe to say that very few of them have a large circulation. The New York *Staats Zeitung* has certainly the largest circulation of any German daily paper published in America, but when its circulation is compared with that of some of the English dailies of the same city, it appears very small indeed. The fact is that the American born German population does not read the German press. It may be safely said that not over twenty per cent of American born Germans can read the German language, and that not over ten per cent of these make a practise of reading it. Were emigration from Germany to America to cease for a single generation, it is safe to conclude that the American-German press would totally disappear.

But Rowell's Newspaper Directory furnishes some very interesting information about the status of other languages as well as German on this continent. The French-American papers and periodicals, as one would naturally suppose, come next to the German ones in numbers. There are about a hundred newspapers and periodicals published in French in the United States and Canada. Every European idiom that can be called a language, and that possesses a literature, is, with two exceptions, represented in America; these exceptions are Russian and Irish. There is not, so far as we know, any Russian paper or periodical published in the United States, evidently, because there are so few Russians here; but if the Irish Celtic element here were to be represented by a press in proportion to their numbers, there should be thousands of newspapers and periodicals wholly in the Irish language, whereas there is not one. Little Wales with its not over 100,000 of Welsh population in America, is represented by four papers printed entirely in Welsh.

Here is a matter that the Irish Convention now being held in this city might deign to consider. It might conceive some scheme to preserve Irish nationality if the Irish language is to die; or it might inaugurate some movement to prevent the Irish language from dying.

FITZGERALD'S EFFORT AT UNITY.

Mr. John P. Sutton, the able and indefatigable secretary of the Irish National League of America, has prepared a lengthy report for submission to the Central Music Hall convention. He includes in it some very interesting correspondence, and gives the following account of the efforts made at reconciliation by President Fitzgerald and others:

"When a majority of the Parliamentary party revolted from the leadership of the man whom a few hours previous they had elected with cheers of acclamation, Mr. Parnell determined to send a delegation of his supporters to America. He cabled Mr. Fitzgerald to that effect, and stated that the delegates would be under the auspices of the branches of the League, but that he would not tie the hands of the delegates by any more absolute declaration.

"Mr. James J. O'Kelly, M. P., visited President Fitzgerald with a view to enlisting the League on the side of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Fitzgerald declined to pledge the League on one side or the other, but told Mr. O'Kelly that the national council would meet in Cincinnati on April 9, 1891, and that there he could advocate the cause of Mr. Parnell without restraint. The council met on the day appointed, and Mr. O'Kelly appealed to the members present to declare themselves on the side of Mr. Parnell. The council decided to remain neutral, but instructed the executive to communicate with Messrs. Parnell and McCarthy, to invite them and other representatives of the contending factions to the convention, and to offer the services of the League as a mediator between the parties. Letters embodying the wishes of the council were written to Messrs. Parnell and McCarthy. The former replied as follows:

"HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, LONDON, June 6, 1891.—*My Dear President Fitzgerald*: I duly received your letter containing the offer of your services and those of the National League of America, for the purpose of an arbitration in the unhappy dispute that has arisen consequent upon the letter of Mr. Gladstone, and the secession of so many of my colleagues from the ranks of the Irish Parliamentry party. I have taken time to consult some of my leading friends throughout Ireland and Great Britain before replying, and now write to say that I shall be glad to hear further from you on the subject when you have learned from Mr. Justin McCarthy his views as to the basis upon which the arbitration may proceed, and I shall then be willing to do everything in my power, consistently with my public duty, and the position I have taken up, to concur with your views. I desire to add that my colleagues and I feel deeply indebted to you for the patriotic and disinterested spirit which has prompted your intervention, and recognizing how entirely you now, as always, are governed by the highest regard for the national interests and honor of Ireland.

"Believe me, my dear President Fitzgerald, yours truly,

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

"The letter addressed to Justin McCarthy was never answered; but Dr. FOX, M. P., representing Mr. McCarthy, called upon President Fitzgerald with a view to secure from your executive an endorsement of the course pursued by the seceding majority of the Irish Parliamentary party. I use the word seceding not in an opprobrious sense, but merely as indicating one of the parties to the present Irish quarrel. Dr. Fox received from Mr. Fitzgerald the same courtesy that had been extended to Mr. O'Kelly, but was told plainly that no support would be extended to any body of Irish leaders who failed represent a united Irish people."

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE CONVENTION

The first day's session of the fourth convention of the Irish National League of America, is in progress as we go to press. The attendance from the States of Illinois, Michigan, New York and Missouri is quite large, but the other sections of the country are not as strongly represented as they were at former gatherings of the kind. The convention has been organized with the Hon. O'Neill Ryan of St. Louis as chairman, both temporary and permanent, and Mr John Flannery, of Pittsburg, Pa., secretary. Among the well known Irish-Americans in attendance are Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, of St. Louis; Secretary John P. Sutton, of Lincoln, Neb.; Hon. James W. Fitzgerald, of St. Mary's, Kan.; Mr. William Lyman, of New York; Hon. Mr. Currie, of Massachusetts; Hon. M. V. Gannon, of Omaha, Neb.; Capt. M. Meagan, of Fond du Lac, Wis.; Hon. A. P. McGuirk, of Davenport, Ia.; Maj. William J. Gleeson, of Cleveland, O; Mr. Patrick Boyle, of the *Irish-Canadian*; Mr. Hugh J. Carroll, of Rhode Island; Hon. David Fitzgerald, Lincoln, Neb; Hon. James J. Dwyer, Utica, N.Y; Mr James K. McGuire, Syracuse, N.Y.; Mr. C. O'Sullivan, Kansas City, Mo.; Hon. James A. O'Shea, Lincoln, Neb.; Capt. George Sweeney, Cincinnati, O; Messrs. H. P. Sullivan and Edward Reynolds, Quebec, Canada; Hon. James P. Dalton, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Frank Langan, Montreal, Canada; Mr. M. A. O'Byrne, Savannah, Ga.; Mr. J. L. Lee, Toronto, Canada; Mr. D. A. Ryan, St. Louis; D. O'Brien, Topeka, Kan.; Mr. John Downs, Nashville, Tenn.; Hon. Edward O'Connell, Bloomington, Ill.; Revs. Thomas J. Mackey, Diller, Neb.; D. O'Dwyer, Bloomington, Ill.; P. A. MacManus, Oxford, O: and many others.

The indications of the convention, so far as we have been able to observe, show that the rank and file favor either a revolutionary or an independent opposition policy. The tendancy is toward Parnell, but influences seem to be at work, that will, in all human probability, overpower any attempt on the part of that much abused gentleman's friends to give him encouragement from this side of the water.

THE CITIZEN of next week will contain a full account of the convention. Until its final action shall have been made manifest, we will refrain from criticism. It is almost useless to hope, in the light of the recent history of the Irish movement in this country, that it will adopt a policy bold enough to satisfy its friends and impress its enemies. If it should adopt such a policy, THE CITIZEN will be agreeably surprised.

NAPOLEON AND PARNELL.

Not many months ago, Mr. George W. Smalley, correspondent of the New York *Tribune* in London, wrote a series of articles in which he endeavored to show the great likeness, in many respects, between the character of Napoleon and that of Charles S. Parnell. Mr. Smalley may or may not have read the following passage in Madame La Générale Durand's volume "Napoleon and Marie Louise," first published in 1819, which can be found on pages 20 and 21 of that work:

"Those who have lived in close contact with the Emperor know that he possessed tact and perception, that he knew how to manage and use men. To this talent he owed his power. It has been said that he despised everybody about him. I do not know whether that is true or not, but it is of my own knowledge that he was cold and polite to those whom he did not like, and that he said harsh and unpleasant things only to those whom he did like. He did not, however, carry this to the extent of using terms of contempt. I can confidently assert that the sayings which certain pamphlets impute to him were never uttered by him. He did not say that the chamberlains were footmen, with the only difference that they wore red livery instead of green. It is equally false that he said he liked Savary because he would kill his own father if he (the Emperor) ordered him to do so. No sensible person would believe so atrocious an absurdity. Numbers of people now-a-days (1819) are eager to run down Napoleon. I am convinced that those who now cry out against him most loudly are the same who flattered him most egregiously. There are so many who want to have it forgotten that but for him they would have remained in the lowest classes of society, but they are mistaken; the noise they make merely evokes recollections anything but favorable to themselves! Napoleon had faults enough without their being invented for him; nor can any defame him without insulting the nation whose head he was for ten years."

What an astonishing parallel, especially in the last half of the passage quoted! Even so are people now insulting the Irish nation by abusing the man who was its uncrowned head for thirteen years. The remark of Madame Durand about certain upstarts crying out loudly against the man who raised them from obscurity, and whom they formerly flattered, also finds its parallel among certain seceders of the shattered "Irish party," and among certain Irish and Irish American editors who formerly went into hysterics if anybody dared to even mildly criticise he political acts of the Irish leader. "Ah Caulaincourt," said Napoleon to his faithful archchancellor after Berthier deserted him at Fontainebleau, "men, men!" No wonder the great Emperor had contempt for nearly everybody around him. No wonder Parnell should have contempt for those who formerly flattered him to his destruction, and who now leave him about as deserted at Avondale as Napoleon was on the Rock of St. Helena. There might have been some excuse for French desertion of Napoleon, after the horrors of the Russian campaign; there is none for the Irish desertion of Parnell in the very midst of battle. The French, at least, were too wise in politics to desert the Emperor because, in a moral sense, he committed bigamy in marrying Marie Louise, nor did they persecute him on account of his other amours. It is only the Irish who are too virtuous to retain a chief capable of leading them out of slavery. And yet, when old Queen Victoria dies, they will submit their necks quietly, archbishops, bishops, priests and people to the yoke of an English gambler and adulterer! "Down with Parnell! God save King Baccarat!"

DEATH OF A JOURNALISTIC SCORPION.

The failure of the Knownothing weekly publication, called *America*, which was published in this city by the mutual admiration society of blue bellies and blue noses, represented by Hobart C. Taylor and Sisson Thompson, has gone under, as it deserved to go. THE CITIZEN rarely ever rejoices in the misfortunes of anybody, but if ever a paper, or pamphlet, deserved to go down *America* did. The publication prostituted a noble name and lent itself to the basest of purposes—that of inciting warfare among race and creed, in this community. There was not a particle of patriotism in it. The Catholics, and particularly the Irish Catholics, were held up to eternal ridicule, and, in every article, the British python showed its fangs plainly. Sisson Thompson, the disciple of Frank Pixley, may now go and hide his diminished head behind the depleted money bags of Hobart Taylor, whom he "saved from himself." Mr. Taylor did not know how big a "sucker"—to use a vulgar but expressive phrase—he was, until he placed Sisson Thompson in charge of his bigot sheet. Thompson's loud and prolonged wail copied, with comments, from the *Tribune*, will be found below. He has, in it, given every cause for the failure of *America* but the right one—namely, that the larger portion of the American people have Irish or Catholic relations or affiliations, and cannot be made to pull English chestnuts out of the fire in this country or elsewhere. The failure of *America* is the parting of the Taylor from his goose, or rather of the goose from the Taylor, because, in this instance, it was the Taylor, not the goes, who laid the golden eggs. To Taylor and Thompson we may say, in the language of the poet—

Sinful brother part in peace
Sisson, let thy howling's cease.

"The transfer of *America* to the *Graphic* was completed yesterday. This week's number will say editorially, among other things:

"'With this number *America* completes its sixth volume, and ends its independent existence. Next week it will be merged in the *Graphic*, whose publishers have purchased its business, good will, subscription list, advertising contracts, and those incorporeal hereditaments which are the realty of a periodical's existence.

"'It is now three years and six months since Mr. Hobart C. Taylor, urged by a laudable ambition and a generous enthusiasm, succeeded in launching *America* upon the stormy sea of weekly journalism. He was then only two years out of college, and did not know that there was such a thing as failure possible to an enterprise backed by ample capital. He had never seen the inside of a newspaper office nor known the rapacity of a pay roll, a printer's bill, and a white paper account. He started boldly and scoured the literary world for contributions to the columns of *America*, besides associating with himself a regular staff of writers large enough to have supplied copy for *America* had it been published seven times a week instead of only once. The writer hardly dares put in type the cost of the first issue of *America* lest the figures might shake the faith of his readers in his reputation for truth and veracity, as the lawyers would say. But when it is remembered that the first number of *America* contained contributions from James Russell Lowell, Frank R Stockton, Seth Low, Charles Dudley Warner, Eugene Field, Julian Hawthorne, W. Clark Russell, Harriet Gilman Smith, Ella Lorraine Dorsey, Joe Howard, and Baroness Althia Salvador, all solicited 'regardless of cost,' and that 75,000 of that number were printed and distributed broadcast gratis, some idea of how Mr. Taylor thought the journalistic Parnassus was to be scaled with a golden staff may be formed.

"'It took six months to convince Mr. Taylor that he would be bankrupt before *America* paid its printing bills if he did not change his system of expenditures. But he had set a pace which made *America* a mark for all the manuscript mills in the country. To save him from himself a transfer of *America* on the most liberal terms was made to the present writer (Sisson Thompson)'

"The *Graphic*, itself the merging of two weekly publications, will include the identity of the late *Current* as well as of *America*, the latter having purchased and absorbed the *Current* in October, 1888. The *Graphic* in purchasing *America* did not purchase the opinions or the editorial policy of *America*. Its views on the great questions of a qualified citizenship, of immigration, of the independence of the public school system, and its freedom from domination by any religious creed, sect, or denomination will remain unmodified and unchanged.

"While none of the people interested care to talk it is understood that $135,000 had been expended on *America* before the transfer was made. What the purchaser, G. P. Engelhard, paid for the property is not known. It is supposed he was especially anxious to add to his subscription list that of *America*, which is said to be 'gilt edged' and to extend to nearly every State in the Union. It is said H. C. Taylor sank $75,000 in eight months in *America*."

SIR HENRY WOOD, royal and imperial British commissioner, rang the changes on England as "the mother country of America" at the banquet given to the World's Fair foreign commissioners at the Palmer House last Tuesday evening. If Sir Henry had known that some Irishmen were among the banqueters, he would have been more cautious, and truthful, in his remarks. It is a pity that some Celt didn't have a chance to follow the Saxon on the programme.

SINCE his election to the office of president of the Irish National League of America, President John Fitzgerald has subscribed $3,000 in aid of the evicted Irish tenants; $2,500 toward building the memorial church to St. Patrick at Rome; $1,000 toward the monument to that heroic Irish American soldier, Gen. John A. Logan, and $2,000 to the anti-coercion fund. In addition, he refused to accept any salary for his services as president.

MR LYMAN J GAGE was slightly in error when, at the Palmer House banquet, he ascribed the aphorism—"The world is my country—to do good my religion" to a signer of the Declaration of Independence Thomas Paine, the Republican Englishman, who declared that 'Europe, not England, is the mother country of America" was also the author of the phrase quoted by Mr. Gage. It would be well for gentlemen not entirely "up" in American history to read THE CITIZEN before venturing to embark on the stormy ocean of postprandial oratory.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"NED CORBIN," Brooklyn, N.Y.—The fish you speak of is a species of "sucker." The Irish called it the *Collagh Rue* (Red Hag) because of its supposed likeness to the infamous Queen Elizabeth.

"WICKLOWMAN," Cincinnati—The Highland regiments quartered in Ireland during the rebellions of 1798-1803, generally acted humanely toward the people. They respected female virtue and private property, and only fought those actually engaged in warfare. Sir Ralph Abercrombie refused to command the troops quartered on the people, declaring that they were "formidable to everybody but the enemy." He subsequently fell in Egypt. Sir John Moore, another heroic Scotchman, was noted for his chivalry toward the Irish. He fell at the battle of Corunna in Spain.

"M. CARBERRY," Memphis.—(1) You had better write to the gentleman yourself. (2) The fate of Father John Murphy, the Victor of Oulart Hill in 1798, has never been fully ascertained. It is supposed that he fell into the hands of a party of yeomen, and was tortured to death after the Indian fashion.

"MCTAVISH," City—(1) The Life of Robert Emmet can be obtained at D. and J. Sadlier's Publishing House, Barclay street, New York. (2) Irish Protestants who adopted national revolutionary principles generally remained faithful. Those who followed Grattan and other constitutional leaders often forgot their earlier principles—notably William Conyngham Plunkett and Attorney General Saurin, both of whom made magnificent speeches against the Union, but after its passage accepted office from the British minister.

The Nally Testimonial Fund.

A meeting of the committees, appointed at a previous meeting, was held at Cline's Hall, corner Huron and Wells streets, on Sunday last, Mr. John P. Rogers in the chair. After an address by the chairman the following contributions were handed in:

M. J. Keane	$10 00	M. Corrigan	$ 3 00
John Ansbro	10 00	D. Gleeson	2 00
J. M. McLoughlin	10 00	M. Kennedy	2 00
John P. Rogers	10 00	John Haley, Tampico, Ill.	1 00
John Doherty	10 00	Thos. McAvoy	1 00
Thos. Walshe	5 00	M. Sweeney	1 00
Thos. Cline	5 00	M. R. Fogarty	1 00
M. Lynske	5 00	J. R. Deasy	1 00
Jas. O'Malley	5 00	Wm. Heffernan	1 00
A. McDonnell	5 00	Martin Higgins	1 00
Owen Dignan	5 00	Thos. Cosgrove	1 00
Edward Hughes	5 00	E. Riordan	50
Capt. Jas. Ward	5 00	M. Monahan	50
D. O'Connor	5 00	Patrick Ryan	50
J. Fitzsimmons	5 00		
M. Davitt, Ireland	5 00	Total	$129 50
Alex Sullivan	5 00		
P. J. Griffin	3 00		

The chairmen of the different committees appointed to receive subscriptions, are requested to attend at the next meeting, as it is very important that there should be a full attendance. All friends are invited. Meeting will be held at the same place at 3 o'clock sharp.

JAMES B. MCLOUGHLIN,
JOHN ANSBRO, } Secs

PERSONAL.

O'Donovan Rossa had a narrow escape from death one morning last week as he was crossing Park row, near the *Tribune* building, on his way to the postoffice, New York City. While in the street the shafts of a wagon, in which was seated the chief of the fire brigade, and which was being driven at headlong speed, struck Rossa in the breast and tumbled him under the horses' hoofs. The wagon passed over his body, and then Rossa became insensible. He was carried into Perry's pharmacy, where restoratives were administered. When Rossa recovered sufficient strength he left for his home in Brooklyn and has since been confined to the house.—*Irish World.*

The best and surest dye to color the beard *brown* or *black*, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails.

HIGHWAY FOR FREEDOM.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

"My suffering country *shall* be freed,
And shine with ten-fold glory!"
So spake the gallant Winkelreid,
Renowned in German story.
"No tyrant, even of kingly grade,
Shall cross or darken *my* way!"
Out flashed his blade, and so he made
For Freedom's course a highway!

We want a man like this, with power
To rouse the world by *one* word:
We want a chief to meet the hour,
And march the masses onward.
But chief or none, through blood and fire,
My Fatherland ties *thy* way!
The men must fight who dare desire
For Freedom's course a highway!

Alas! I can but idly gaze
Around in grief and wonder;
The *People's* will alone can raise
The People's shout of thunder.
Too long, my friends, you faint for fear,
In secret crypt and by-way;
At last be men! Stand forth and clear
For Freedom's course a highway!

You intersect wood, lea, and lawn,
With roads for monster wagons,
Wherein you speed like lightning, drawn
By fiery iron dragons
So do! Such work is good, no doubt;
But why not seek some nigh way
For *Mind* as well? Path also out
For Freedom's course a highway!

Yes! up! and let your weapons be
Sharp steel and self-reliance!
Why waste your burning energy
In void and vain defiance,
And phrases fierce and fugitive?
'Tis deeds, not words, that *I* weigh—
Your swords and guns alone can give
To Freedom's course a highway.

WHAT IRISHMEN SHOULD DO.

Mr. James Killelea's Ideas Regarding the Chicago Convention of the Irish National League.

[*Nashville Sunday Herald.*]

Oct. 1 and 2 will be held in Chicago the convention of the Irish National League of America.

Affecting, as it does, so vitally the future of Ireland, and destined to foretell the attitude of Irish Americans who have so freely given substantial tokens of sympathy, and sorrowfully realized that their aid and efforts had in a measure failed by reason of factious differences in Ireland, the proceedings of this convention will be awaited with keenest interest.

Of Mr. James Killelea, president of the Nashville Parnell branch of the Irish League of America, and who is also a delegate to this convention, was solicited an opinion as to the action of that convention.

"I have been informed," said he, "that there is great activity in Chicago, in preparing for the Irish National convention, and that there is now an assurance that there will be a large attendance of Ireland's friends from all over the land."

In response to an inquiry whether the Chicago convention would be for or against Mr. Parnell, Mr. Killelea said: "The convention will, I am of the opinion, be perfectly independent of all Irish factions, though Parnell has built up an Irish political independent party, an organization sufficiently strong to bring English statesmen to a sense of their duty in doing justice to a people whom they have for years trampled upon. Of course Parnell has been aided by the Irish Parliamentary party and the Irish people.

"The Parnell branch, of Nashville, has indorsed Parnell twice since the Irish political crisis; the branch stands as solid for Parnell as ever, but her delegates will not stand in the way of unity in the convention at Chicago. The tone and tenor of the convention will be to urge every delegate who will attend that convention to outline and adopt a policy which may be deemed best for the nation and best for the people. The convention will leave nothing undone which may honorably tend toward healing up all differences, which unfortunately have existed between the parties.

"The next thing is, will the Irish Parliamentary party in Ireland adhere to the action of the Chicago convention in bringing about unity? Ireland needs American aid. The universal sentiment of Irish Americans at the present time is against giving any further support to the Irish cause until unity is effected in the Irish National party. The Irish Parliamentary party should remember that while factions are fighting the nation is perishing."

Following up his last reflection, Mr. Killelea went on to state: "Alone of all countries in the world, alone among all people of the habitable globe, Ireland today presents, by the returns of the latest decennial census, a marked and melancholy decline in population. It is sad reading, these statistics of decadence and decrease. It takes the soul of hope out of one to see this long, lurid list of diminishing numbers. Week by week, if not actually day by day, the emigrant ships carry to distant shores all that is bravest and best of the Irish race. The condition of land tenure may be improved, the ways of living made easier, the earnings of employment higher, yet nothing will induce the splendid specimens of humanity that Ireland sends to seek work in the United States to stay at home and enjoy those changes.

"A passion for expatriation seems to possess them, the fever of flight appears to have clutched them in its fell grasp, and no persuasion avails, no inducement succeeds in stemming it. On, on, on, in their annual thousands, are flocking away the brain and sinew of this truly unfortunate land. England, Scotland—and Wales, too—do severally boast, as do all the continental countries, of their growing numbers. Their towns are teeming with thriving inhabitants, their hundreds leaping to thousands, their thousands to millions, but poor Ireland, alone, the Cinderella of nations, sits apart, neglected and in ashes. On her fair brow are the tears of much suffering and the sorrow of many partings. A Niobe, she weeps for the children that are not to her and remain not for her.

"What a sad lesson, full of pathetic significance and import, these census figures, published a short time ago in Ireland, are to any patriotic or practical Irishman. No matter what his politics, no matter what his persuasions, no matter what his calling, must he not grieve to see the strength and sinew, the very life blood of his country, fast ebbing away, knowing no check, obedient to no control, flowing on in one resistless torrent of depleting depopulation.

"Ireland, which, if it grew like unto other lands, should have a population of 20,000 000, maintained in comfort and living in peace, is now shown to be 4 706 162, comprising all the incapables and inefficients, and really representing a very delusive state of things, even such as it is. In the ten years ending 1891, Ireland lost 500 000 people. It has been computed by statisticians that a full grown man or woman is worth to a country they enter, and represent to the country they leave a loss of $1 000, so that estimating at that figure the decline in population in Ireland, we find that in those resources of wealth Ireland is, in 1891, as compared with 1881, $500 000 000 poorer. Ireland is fast parting with the sinew and brains of her people. They are fast rendering things worse by her quarrels among her Irish Parliamentary party.

"I sincerely hope that the convention of the Irish National League that will be held in Chicago, will succeed in reuniting the Irish Parliamentary party. The convention should distinctly refuse to supply any aid to the cause of Home Rule until all the Irish members of parliament become united in one solid party once more."

CHESTERFIELDIAN SARCASM.

LONDON, Aug. 29—*To the Editor of the Freeman:* I too, like your correspondent Mr. T. P. Gill, have been abroad, and so it is but just now I have come across the two columns of insincere and unmitigated balderdash he has sent you from his seclusion by the sea. This Mr. Gill seems to be for ever writing letters to the papers under the queer delusion that he is some sort of political entity, but I, not greatly curious, however, in the matter, have never encountered a human being who cared a thraneen what Mr. Gill thought on the current questions of the day. Of course I do not habitually read Mr. Gill, but when he takes Tipperary as his theme I am more or less forced to throw away some of my fire upon him. But to turn from Mr. Gill to his theme. What has he to say about Tipperary? I must confess to being totally unable to get any idea, save one that he most certainly did not want to convey, out of his two columns of twaddle. I have stated over and over again, without any direct contradiction up to this, that there was no intelligible reason behind the Tipperary campaign save that of lying to Ireland. Mr. Gill asserts, and I think with a fair show of reason, that the Tipperary business had much (if not most) to do in the raising the Tenants' Defense Association Fund in a very short time to the very considerable sum of £70,000.

Only for this fact, if it be a fact, supplied to me by Mr. Gill, I do not know that I should have bothered about him or his letter at all. He writes *de omnibus rebus*, and, I may add, *de omnibus hominibus*, mixing up in inextricable confusion the names of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Dillon, Mr. John Redmond, and nearly all the big (or comparatively big) men of his party of very small men. He trots out "magnificent Tipperary" again, and the great sacrifices, including his own loss of time, money, and God knows what, and the effect produced by the said sacrifices in England, America, and elsewhere. But all that, though recent rhodomontade, is also very much of ancient history just now, and there seems to be little reason for hawking it forward at present save to make it some sort of a case against Mr. Parnell, and involve him in some sort of complicity with the earlier part of this scandalous Tipperary business. I do not think Mr. Gill makes out any case at all. I at least should not hang a cat upon the evidence he produces. But I find Mr. Gill is infecting me with his verbosity. Way repeat a fore, or indeed, twenty times, told tale. Mr. Gill is nobody, and can do Tipperary little harm. But then a straw marks the current. If Mr. Gill can do little harm, unfortunately Mr. Dillon and Mr. O Brien can still do much. They have inaugurated their joint and ludicrous leadership by a new attempt to fasten the yoke on the necks of the unfortunate Tipperary people. The leaders are little likely to take any suggestion from me, but I make them one, nevertheless. Let them come out from their dignified seclusion, whether in county jails or country seats, and go beg for the beggars they have created, and are in the process of creating in misguided, and, *pace* Mr. Gill, by no means magnificent Tipperary. I remain sincerely yours, JOHN O'LEARY.

Irish-American Enterprise.

[*United Ireland.*]

A correspondent of the Boston *Pilot*, writing from Omaha, the capital of the State of Nebraska, says: "I have met another young Irish-American in Omaha who made a profound impression on me. This is Edward A. Cudahy. He is such a splendid specimen of physical manhood that one of Dumas' heroes might be taken for his prototype. Tall, handsome, with an easy carriage, and an address that at once pleases and wins, one might well imagine that he was born to be a diplomat or a courtier rather than a man of business. Yet at 24 Edward Cudahy was paid $25 000 a year for managing the great commercial business of Paul Armour. Armour's business is probably the greatest commercial enterprise in the world, amounting, I am assured, to sixty millions a year, and yet Edward Cudahy, while still a youth, controlled the machinery of that enormous business with a skill and an ability little short of marvelous. Three years later Armour offered him $50 000 a year to retain his service, but young Cudahy was resolved to enter business for himself. He began in South Omaha four years ago, and already he is doing an enormous trade. Last year he netted a half a million. The firm handled 600 000 hogs and 80 000 head of cattle, and this Mr. Cudahy considers a small business. There is no limit to this young man's capacity, and in twenty years the firm of Cudahy Brothers will not only have rivalled, but will probably have surpassed, the firm of Armour in the vastness of its trade and enterprise. What I want to enforce on young Irish Americans is, that the West is the place for them. Their talents have full show there, and golden opportunities are not wanting to those who watch and wait for them. Mr. Thos. Brennan is an example of the truth of this statement. He is remembered in Ireland in connection with the first years of the Parnell movement, and the Irish clans have not yet forgotten the extraordinary brilliancy of his speeches. Since settling in Omaha, six years ago, he has grown rich and prosperous, and he, too, floats on the tide of fortune."

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

The new Parnellite evening paper will be the Dublin *Evening Star*.

Dr. T. Hamilton Burke has retired from the office of senior medical inspector of the local government board in Ireland.

A man named Michael Breen was sentenced to two months' imprisonment at the Midleton petty sessions, on a charge of assaulting the police and resisting arrest.

The Protestant church at Horseleap, Moate, has been broken into and a silver chalice, silver flagon, and two silver plates of considerable value stolen. The robbers entered through one of the windows as two panes of glass were found to have been removed in one place.

An invention has been patented by Mr. Charles James Molloy, of Breakstown Sawmills, Holycross, Thurles, which is designed to prevent a common and usually fatal class of railway accidents. The apparatus absolutely prevents persons from alighting from a train whilst in motion, as the doors are unlocked from the guard's van or the engine.

The death of an estimable lady, Mrs. Crilly, Dunleer, is announced.

From the region of Ballard, in far Australia, comes the intelligence of the death of Sister Mary Aloysius Thompson, of Loretto Convent, Mary's Mount, Ballarat. Deceased came from near Maryborough. Both her parents were Protestants, her father having been rector of Birr, in the King's country, Miss Thompson, however, became a Catholic, and entered the convent of the Loretto Nuns at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, Sister Thomson, though constitutionally delicate, was yet a most indefatigable laborer, and was greatly loved by her pupils. At her funeral the bishop of Ballarat presided at the requiem mass, and pronounced the final absolution at the interment.

Reports on the state of the crops, from Carlow, Queen's and Kings's counties, continue to be of the most unfavorable character. The recent heavy rains have caused very great danage to the crops. The low lying lands along the Barrow are completely flooded, and the hay crops are floating in the fields.

Rev. William O'Doherty, P.P., New Inn, died at the parochial residence on Thursday, Sept. 3. The deceased finished his ecclesiastical studies at Maynooth College, where he achieved high distinction in his various classes. During the first years of his ministry he labored in the diocese of Down and Connor, where he made hosts of friends among clergy and laity. On being called home to his native diocese he occupied some of its most important curacies till his appointment, six months ago, to the pastoral charge of New Inn and Knockgaffon.

A man named James Quirk was fined fifty shillings at the Newcastlewest petty sessions for carrying a gun without a license.

At a coercion court in Carrick on Shannon a man named McDermott was sentenced to one month's imprisonment on a charge of inciting to boycott.

On the night of Sept. 2, while a farmer named James McMahon, of Knockance, some six miles from Ennis, was returning from town with two neighbors, John and Bridget Moloney, two men, armed with revolvers, jumped over the wall at the roadside, at point near Fountain Post office, and discharged two shots. Though fired at short range, there was no damage to the Moloneys or McMahon, who drove on quickly, and the assailants decamped. There is no clue to their identity. The alleged motive is the taking of land.

At the Fermoy petty sessions Michael Mahoney, a laborer, was charged with the wilful murder of Michael Sullivan, of Fermoy, at Glanworth, Aug. 29. The prisoner was returned for trial to the Cork assizes.

The Irish attorney general, on the evidence submitted to him, has, it is stated, issued instructions to the crown solicitor for the county Tyrone to proceed on the capital charge against Mrs. Ellen Reid, wife of a Castlecaulfield farmer. She is now in custody on a charge of causing the death of her mother during a quarrel about some land.

Isabella Rowley, aged 104 years, has just died in Belfast workhouse. She was born July 13, 1787, and distinctly remembered many incidents of the Irish Rebellion in 1798.

Dr. Maxwell Simpson has resigned the chair of chemistry in the Queen's College, Cork. The Doctor is a man of European reputation. He was popular among the students of the college.

The king of Inniskea Island is dead. Miss Balfour sought his acquaintance on her visit to the West, and in the article she afterwards contributed to *Murray's Magazine* made interesting reference to him.

The City of Dublin Steam Packet Company's fleet of steamers have been augmented by a new boat, the Galway, fitted with all the latest conveniences, including the electric light. The Galway will be placed on the Liverpool and Dublin route, under command of Capt. O'Neill.

The council of the Royal Dublin Society are co operating with the Society of Arts as to the possibility of assisting in the representation of Irish exhibits at the Chicago World's Fair. Sir Henry Wood is expected to visit Dublin on his way back from America and consult with the society on the subject.

Dispatches from Melbourne, Australia, announce the death, in a steamboat collision in Port Phillip Bay, of Mr. Robert Johnston, son of the late Mr. Johnson, J.P., who for many years was manager of the Bank of Ireland in Ardagh.

A little boy named Thomas Mulkerin, aged about 12 years, went to the bog at Knutsfield, near Ballinasloe, for a load of turf, but the way was so bad owing to the continuous heavy rains of the last week, that the wheels stuck in the mud, and the boy while endeavoring to lift one of the wheels out of the slough had the load of turf, cart and all overturned on him which suffocated him to death.

Literary Notes.

Those who have seen the autobiography of Ben Butler so far as it is completed assert that it is full of spicy reading. The chapter of it, which the *New England Magazine* for October, by special arrangement with the publishers, brings out in advance of the publication of the book, reveals the boyhood life of Butler. It contains illustrations of his early home, his mother, himself as a young man, Waterville College, which he attended. Read between the lines one cannot fail to see the influences which were working to bring out the Ben Butler of later years. He was the same Butler in boyhood that has been so prominent and progressive ever since.

Some idea of what the illustration of a magazine means, may be obtained from the announcement that the publishers of the *Cosmopolitan* paid Madeleine Lemaire for the illustrations of "Three Women of the Comedie Francaise" ten times the amount paid for the article. Madame Lemaire is one of the most famous of French illustrators, and her work in the *Cosmopolitan* this month is accompanied by that of Kate H. Greatorex, A. F. Jacassy, F. G. Attwood, Dan C. Beard, W. H. Goater, F. G. S. Bryce, C. B. Grant and others. The illustration of the *Cosmopolitan* has always been one of its special features, but this month it exceeds in this respect all previous numbers.

The October *Century* will contain a front ispiece portrait of Rudyard Kipling and an article on his works by Edmund Gosse. Mr. Gosse says that Kipling was born in Bombay in Christmas week, 1865, and is therefore only in his twenty-sixth year. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, who first came before the public as an illustrator, and later as the author of "The Led Horse Claim" and other novels of Western life, has written a new story which will be one of the serial features of the coming year of *The Century*. Mrs Foote has chosen a field unhackneyed in fiction, the irrigation schemes of the Great West. "The Chosen Valley" will be illustrated by the author.

In its November number the *Cosmopolitan* will publish a series of letters written by Gen. W. T. Sherman to one of his young daughters, between the years 1859 and 1865 and covering most of the important events of the war of secession.

IRISH CATHOLIC NEWS.

An extremely interesting ceremony took place at Rush, when the people of the parish celebrated with all possible warmth the golden jubilee of their pastor, Rev. Francis O'Carroll, P.P. The principal feature of the celebration was the presentation to Father O'Carroll of a beautifully illuminated address, accompanied by a purse of sovereigns. In the evening a solemn "Te Deum" was sung at benediction in the parish church, and at night the town was illuminated.

A bazaar was opened in Clondalkin to raise funds to clear away a debt for recent improvements in the Catholic parish church. It was held in the pretty grounds of the convent. The following ladies presided at the different stalls: Miss McMahon, Mrs. M. Flood and Mrs. Murray, the Misses Farran, Mrs Flood, Miss Flood and Miss Hughes, Miss Macken and Mrs. Murphy.

Rev. P. Fagan, C.C., Armagh, was the recipient of a presentation in the name of the people of Dundalk, among whom he served for thirteen years. The presentation consisted of a purse of £250, and addresses were presented on behalf of the parishioners of Dundalk, the Catholic Young Men's Society, and the male branch of the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception.

On Monday, Aug. 31, high mass was celebrated in the parish church, Shrule, for the repose of the soul of the late pastor of the parish, the Rev. Father Daniel Good, P.P., who died on the 28 ult, aged 51 years.

The obsequies of the Rev. J Geoghegan, P.P., Dromard, Armagh, were celebrated in St. Mary's church, Athlone, on Sept. 3. The solemn office for the dead commenced at 11 a.m. There were forty four priests and the bishop of the diocese in the choir. The Very Rev. Lingan, D.D., Adm., was celebrant of the high mass, and Rev. J. Manning, C.C., deacon; Rev. B. J. Donnellan, C.C., subdeacon, and Very Rev. Canon Monaghan, P.P., V.G., master of ceremonies. Afterwards a funeral procession was formed, and Father Geoghegan's remains were interred at the entrance to St. Joseph's aisle.

Local Catholic News.

The Rev. Father Blatter has been assigned to the German church at Brighton Park.

An entertainment will be given in Austin, Oct. 20, by the Players' Club for the benefit of St. Catherine's church.

The Rev. Father Tighe, pastor of the Holy Angles' church on Oakwood boulevard, has left for a brief visit in Europe.

Beginning Oct. 1, which month is especially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin as Queen of the Rosary, devotions will be held in the Holy Family church after 8 o'clock mass on week days, and at 3:45 p.m. Sundays.

The Holy Name cathedral quartette will resume their duties at the high mass next Sunday, after a three months' vacation. A new organist, Mr. Middleschutz, late of Berlin, will have charge of the music, and a much improved repertoire may be expected.

The pastors of the Holy Family church have completed two new parlors on the west of the college, and have also rebuilt the portico and stairway in front of the college, adding very much to the appearance of that building. A bazar will be held in the Morgan street school hall early in November to aid in defraying the expense of these improvements, as well as the cost of rebuilding the grand organ.

At the last meeting of the Acolytical society of the Holy Family church, the following officers were elected: The Rev. Father Hoeffer, S.J., president and spiritual director; Mr. Milley, vice president; T. Shea, secretary; J. McNellis, treasurer; O. Reardon, first censor; J. Ryan, second censor; assistant censors, Joseph Mathews, H. Higgins; consulters, J. Whelan, W. Nash, D. Henry, J. Killeen, T. Courtney, S. Howard, Wm. O'Brien, J. L. O'Connor, A. McCormic; masters of ceremonies, W. Milley and J. Whelan.

Now that the corner stone of the new school of St. Rose of Lima has been laid, the work will be pushed rapidly forward. The building will be of brick, 98 by 38 feet, with a mansard slated roof, and finished in the interior with pine and hard wood. The first floor will be for boys and the second for girls, and the top will be a hall for entertainments. The structure will cost about $25 000.

Holy Angels' parish is hard at work making preparations for a grand bazaar, to be held in the near future. At a meeting of organization Miss Alice Keary, Forty first street and Vincennes avenue, was elected secretary, and Miss Fanny McMahon, 3542 Vernon avenue, treasurer, and they will be glad to give any information that may be required.

The new parish residence in St. Malachy's is being pushed rapidly forward to completion, and Father Hodnett will soon be housed in a building more in keeping with his other surroundings. The preparations for the bazar still go on, and if energy predicts success, a goodly sum will be realized.

St. Anne's new parochial school, now in the course of erection, will cost, when finished, about $30,000. The two buildings, the school and the sisters' residence are in Romanesque style, and are built with Bedford stone and brick.

A grand bazar for the benefit of St. John's church will begin Oct. 12.

Dr. Butler, of St. John's, is expected home from Europe in the early part of October. He is very much improved in health, having entirely recovered from the injuries sustained in a driving accident.

Sermons have been resumed at the high mass Sundays at St. Charles Borromeo's church on Cypress street.

The splendid organ at the Jesuit church on Twelfth street, has been remodeled and entirely overhauled, besides machinery being added, which does away with hand power. An expenditure of a large amount has been involved in the reconstruction, and to defray this enormous expense it is proposed to give a sacred concert about Dec. 1 in the church, at which some of the most celebrated artists will take part. The choir is at present rehearsing from some of the great oratorios for the occasion.

Ireland and the Fair.

QUEENSTOWN, Sept 17—Gen Grosvenor, special agent of the treasury department of the Columbian Exposition, wound up his tour through Ireland last night. He spent the night with Col. Platt at Queenstown, and sailed with his secretary in the City of New York today. Gen. Grosvenor made an efficient and comprehensive canvass of Ireland, meeting the merchants, the Board of Trade, and other authorities of the different cities. Everywhere he found great interest in the exposition, and reports that the prospects are brilliant. He says that the Irish exhibits will be of the very best.

A Money Maker.

It is so hard to get employment now and so hard to make money, that I know others would like to know how they can make a little money, as I have done. Tell your subscribers they can get all the jewelry, table-ware, knives, forks and spoons they can plate, and make $25 a week. The plating outfit costs $5. I bought mine from H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. It plates gold, silver and nickel. I did $4 70 worth of plating the first day. The work is done so nicely that everybody seeing it wants work done. This machine is the greatest money maker I ever saw. Why should any one be out of employment or out of money, when they can, by using my experience, always have money in the house and have a little to spend too? Any one can get circulars by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. K. JARRETT.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CROWLEY—Sept. 3 at Kilcronin, Mary Teresa, daughter of Michael Crowley.

DUNLEA—Sept. 2, at Corrum, Michael Dunlea, aged 70 years.

DUNLEA—Sept. 6, at Ballinahins, Mrs Mary Dunlea, aged 89 years.

FORDE—Sept. 2, at Ringaskiddy, Margaret, wife of Justin Forde.

MURPHY—Sept. 2, at Tullig, Coachford, Ellen, wife of Jeremiah Murphy, and youngest daughter of John Harrington, Ballinagree.

NAGLE—Sept. 4, at Windsor terrace, Kingstown, Mary Anne, wife of Luke Nagle, formerly of Mount Nagle, Skibbereen, county Cork, at an advanced age.

ROCHE—Sept. 5, at Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, Dublin, John Roche, second eldest son of the late Michael and Anne Roche, formerly of Garshill, Kilmore, county Wexford, aged 35 years.

WALTON—Sept. 4, at Massytown, Macroom, Mary, the relict of the late Patrick Walton, aged 90 years.

BARNEWALL—Sept. 10, Christopher Patrick M. Barnewall, of Trimlestown, county Meath.

CUMMINS—Sept. 8, Edmond Cummins, late manager Hibernian Bank, Drogheda.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on the tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The crop of prairie chickens will be exceptionally good this year; also ducks and geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had. Full information furnished free. Address GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS
At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business September 25, 1891.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$7 895.143 49
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		17 579 11
U. S. bonds to secure circulation, par value		50 000.00
U. S. bonds on hand, par value		200 000.00
Other bonds, par value		283 760 00
Due from banks and bankers	$1 691,004.48	
Exchanges for clearing house	455,415.84	
Cash	2,568 413.29	
		4,714,833.61
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Total		$13 163,566.21

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$1.000.000 00
Surplus fund		800.000 00
Undivided profits		181.303 42
National bank notes outstanding		45 000 00
Dividends unpaid		25 080.00
Deposits, individual	$7,943,738 75	
Deposits, banks	3 168,444.04	
		11.112,182.79
Total		$13,163,566 21

GEO. SCHNEIDER, President.
WM. H. BRADLEY, Vice-President.
WM. A. HAMMOND, Cashier.
CARL MOLL, Assistant Cashier.
HENRY D. FIELD, 2d Asst. Cashier.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
—OF THE—
GLOBE NATIONAL BANK,
OF CHICAGO, ILL.,
At the Close of Business Sept. 25, 1891.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$1,638,759 60
Overdrafts	26.95
United States Bonds	50,000 00
Other Bonds and Stocks	2 000 00
Cash and clearings	437,604 74
Due from other banks	350,708.13
Furniture and fixtures	4,400 00
Due from United States red. agent	2 250.00
Total	$2,485.748.52

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$1,000 000.00
Surplus fund	20.000.00
Undivided profits—net	21 562.78
Circulation notes	45 000.00
Deposits	1,399 095.74
Total	$2,485,748.52

OFFICERS.
O. D. WETHERELL, President.
M. E. STONE, Vice-President.
D. A. MOULTON, Cashier.
DIRECTORS.

M. E. STONE,	A. E. CLARK,
G. F. SWIFT,	S. H. SWEET
W. H. HARPER,	B. A. ECKHART,
R. L. HENRY,	J. L. HIGH,
MORRIS ROSENBAUM,	AMOS GRANNIS,
E. W. BROOKS,	O. D. WETHERELL.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
OF CHICAGO.
Statement of Condition September 25, 1891.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$16 938,579.56
Bank building and other real estate		650,000.00
United States bonds (par value)		98 950 00
Other bonds		1 054 500.00
Cash Resources—		
Due from banks (eastern exchange)	$3 951,181.36	
Checks for Clearing House	1 059 702 38	
Cash on hand	8,690,028.39	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	37,750 00	
		13 738,662.13
Total		$32 540 691.69

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$3,000,000 00
Surplus fund	2 000,000.00
Other undivided profits	1 011 300 00
Dividends unpaid	340.00
Deposits	26 529 690.79
	$32,540,691.69

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.
John Naghten & Co.
Agents Virginia Fire & Marine Insurance Company of Richmond, Va.
181 LA SALLE ST.
TELEPHONE 523 CHICAGO, ILL.

Furniture, Stoves,
Carpets and Parlor Goods.
HENRY STUCKART,
2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

P. McHUGH, ATTORNEY, 97 CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN McHUGH, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John McHugh, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, September 30, 1891.
MARY McHUGH, Administratrix.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

OPTICS.

Bachelor at forty five,
Free am I the world to roam.
Ask me why I do "not wive,"
Why I have no home?

Has my heart no tenderness,
Have I sworn to hate the fair?
'Tis not that I love them less,
Love not one, but more.

Once there was a pair of eyes,
Eyes of soft and beaming gray,
In whose depths I loved to gaze,
Loved their gentle ray

But between me and the gray,
Passed two orbs of blackest night,
Turned me from the first away,
With their witching light.

Here I would have bowed the knee,
Sworn allegiance true,
But there chanced to beam on me
Eyes of deepest blue.

They were brighter than the gray,
Softer than the black, I ween,
Black the starlight, blue the day;
Gray the twilight seem.

Black and blue and tender gray,
Ye are all divine to me;
I would wed you all today
Could I marry three.

But I could not choose at all,
Which should grace my bridal home.
This is why at forty-five,
Bachelor I roam.

—Edward H. Rice in Springfield Homestead.

THE ANGEL OF SHILOH.

"You found the tavern full?"

The speaker was a handsome, intelligent looking gentleman of perhaps forty—evidently a citizen of the village and resident of the handsome but unpretentious dwelling house in front of which he was standing.

"Yes," I replied; "I was too late by half an hour, so the landlord informed me."

"You shall be welcome here if you will accept of modest quarters and plain fare."

The tone of voice, no less than the words uttered, assured me that the offer of hospitality was sincere, and with a grateful heart and a simple expression of thanks I passed through the gate and clasped the extended hand of the man who, although I had never known of his existence till that minute, and who I had every reason to suppose a foe to the cause I represented, a rebel to the government whose uniform I wore, yet in whom I recognized a friend and brother.

"You are very kind," I said; "more kind than you know, for I am not only weary, but ill, or I should not have sought lodgings indoors while my comrades were exposed to the privations of camp life."

"I'm glad of the opportunity to offer hospitality to a professional brother," he responded, "for I know from your letter on your hatband that you are a surgeon, and I am a physician. This would have been sufficient to have prompted me to invite you in, but something else, a sudden but unexplainable impulse, which I could not resist, impelled me to do it."

By this time I had been led into the family room. A beechwood fire blazed and glowed upon the hearth, a bright carpet with warm colors covered the floor, an old fashioned mahogany sideboard stood to the left and a bureau of the same rich wood faced it on the other side of the room, and in one corner a clock of "ye olden time," and known by the title of wall sweeper, counted off the seconds with steady precision and sounded the knell of dying hours in a solemn monotone. Easy chairs stood back against the farther wall like sentries on an inner picket line, while others were grouped about the cheerful fire; and these, as we entered, were occupied by persons whose faces I could have never forgotten, had I seen them but a moment, and which are now photographed upon my heart forever and aye. There were three persons in the group—a venerable old gentleman, a white haired, matronly and kindly faced old lady, and a golden haired, blue eyed young lady—father, mother and daughter of my friendly host, Dr. Jewell.

There is something in a name, else how should these people be so appropriately named? I wondered and pondered the more when I learned that the richest and rarest gem in the group had the beautiful name of Lillian.

I beg the reader's pardon, I have not told him or her, as the case may be, who I am, or when, how or where all this happened.

My name is Alden, a lineal descendant I am from John and Priscilla Alden, whose romantic history you doubtless have read in poetry, if not in prose. My ancestors had gone west almost a century ago, hence those provincial prejudices, so characteristic of those descendants of the Mayflower party who still cling to the crags of Plymouth Rock, had been lost in the broad and fertile valleys of the Ohio, or they had wandered off and found a flower bespangled grave on the boundless prairies of Illinois. At any rate they found no place in my heart.

The time of which I write was January, 1862. Place, southwestern Kentucky. Grant's army was making a grand reconnoissance in force, with a view to feeling the strength of the enemy before making an attack upon Fort Donelson.

A cold, pitiless rain had pelted us all day, and was still pouring down upon soldiers and officers alike. When the village of B. came in view, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I had trudged through the mud and waded through swollen streams from early morn, having surrendered my horse to a sick soldier of the brigade to which I was attached, and was, therefore, worn and weary and almost ill. Immediately after the order had been passed along the line to halt and to pitch tents for the night, a large number of the officers galloped on to the village and sought shelter beneath the roof of the hotel it contained. It had been my purpose to get a hot supper and dry bed also, but my professional duties detained me for some time, and when I reached the door of the inn I was informed that not only all the beds, but every square foot of the parlor and sitting room floor had been pre-empted.

It was while wending my way back to camp that I had the rare good fortune, or fate, to attract the attention of Dr. Jewell. My boots were covered with mud, my clothes dripping with water, and I felt as if chilled to the marrow of my bones and the center of my heart. It took but a brief time to warm me, however, for the elements of warmth were abundant. At his request I followed the doctor into his chamber and donned a suit of his clothes, while he sent my own by a colored boy to the kitchen to be dried. Returning to the parlor, I observed a large bowl of steaming punch, flanked by goblets, upon a table which had been drawn up near the fire and by which an easy chair had been placed. The family arose as the doctor and I advanced, and the old gentleman delivered a very brief but very eloquent temperance speech. He said:

"You northerners have peculiar notions about the use of liquor, at least some of you have. I have been told that in some places it is an insult to a guest to offer him a glass of hot punch. We southerners think differently. With us it is an act of hospitality to invite our friends, and even strangers, to join us in a social glass. I do not know what your views are, but believing that punch is a good medicine for a man who has been drenched by a cold rain, I ordered some prepared, and hope you will join us in a glass before supper. But if you have any conscientious scruples we shall respect them and at once send the bowl from the room."

"I have no such scruples," I responded. "It is the abuse and not the proper use of stimulants that forms the basis of my temperance creed, and there are times when brandy is a blessing, and this is one of the times. I shall join you most heartily."

At the close of my speech the old gentleman gave place to his wife, who advanced and filled the goblets to the brim, while Lillian handed them around. When each of the men had been supplied with full and foaming beakers and the ladies with smaller glasses only part full, the father said to the son, "Give us a toast, Walter—one suited to the occasion."

The doctor complied by saying:

"May the acquaintance begun tonight ripen into a friendship before which all sectional and political prejudices shall dissolve and disappear, and may that friendship live and flourish in the hearts of all present when this cruel war shall exist only as a sad and sorrowful reminiscence."

"I most heartily indorse the sentiment you have so beautifully expressed," I responded, "and beg leave to quote from a Northland poet in reply:

May the song birds of peace soon revisit our glades,
And our children clasp hands where their fathers crossed blades.

A reverent and fervent "Amen" burst from the lips of the old gentleman as he touched my glass with his and raised it to his lips; tears rolled down the furrowed features of his good wife, and tears stood in the blue eyes of the beautiful Lillian, and the long silken lashes that curtained those heavenly orbs drooped and quivered like the dew laden willow fringe that hides from sight the crystal waters of a spring in the valley of Eden—the Eden of my childhood.

Supper being announced at this moment, the old folks led the way, and the doctor, taking my arm, followed them into a large, old fashioned room, which served as both kitchen and dining room. It was a most cheerful and homelike place; the table which stood in the center of the uncarpeted floor presented a neat, inviting appearance to a soldier who had been on short rations for some days, and who had eaten nothing for twelve hours. Ham and eggs and delicious corn cakes, done to a turn, with sweet country butter and coffee with real cream constituted the bill of fare. It was ample and I did full justice to it.

The evening hours flew rapidly past on downy wings of friendly converse, till the old clock in the corner announced the hour of 11, when the thoughtful mother mildly suggested that the major was doubtless tired and would like to retire. I disclaimed any thought of weariness, and, indeed, I uttered but the simple truth in saying that I had not been so entirely refreshed for weeks. It is passing strange what power there is in good fellowship to restore the wasted energies of the body as well as spirit. So we sat another brief, delicious hour, and then the goodnights were said, and I retired to sleep and dream. The blue eyed Lillian formed the web and horrible battle scenes the woof of my visions.

The beautiful girl had scarcely uttered a dozen words during the evening, but she had a most eloquent auditor. She had sat almost directly opposite me, and my eyes rested upon her face as I addressed other members of the group, and they did not fail at any time to meet a sympathetic response from her heaven tinted orbs; nor was there the least embarrassment in this, for her countenance bore such a perfect expression of innocent interest as to reveal a spirit at once modest and pure as an angel.

In my dreams a bloody battle was raging. My ears were filled with the boom of cannon, the crash of small arms, the scream of shell and the shrieks and groans of dying men. The scene changed. I wandered over the fields of carnage. The dead were thick about me.

A groan reached my ear, and I bent my steps in the direction whence the sound came. A soldier in a lieutenant's gray uniform lay upon the ground with his head resting upon the lap of a woman. I said, "If I can be of any service, please command." A pair of blue eyes were lifted toward my face, and a voice, sad but musical, said:

"Oh, I am so glad it is you! you are a surgeon as well as a friend, and my brother is dangerously wounded."

Those eyes, that voice; could I be mistaken? No, it was Lillian, and the wounded young officer her brother. What joy, what happiness to be able to serve, aye, perhaps save the life of her brother—the son of my friend.

A rap on my chamber door dispelled the vision, and the pleasant greeting of Dr. Jewell restored me to my normal state. But my dream remained as a vivid memory of a startling reality.

I could not believe but that it was a presentiment, and although I kept it locked in my heart as a sad, though cherished secret, I resolved to ask Lillian for a picture of her brother which she had shown me the evening before. So just as I was on the point of leaving I said:

"Miss Lillian, I wish you would give me a photograph of your brother. It is possible I may meet him, and it should it would prove my passport to his friendship."

"I will," she replied, "for you may be of service to him, and I know you would do him a kindness if you could."

"Most gladly would I, both for his own sake and as a reward in part for the great kindness I have experienced at the hands of his family."

The young lieutenant's handsome face bore a striking resemblance to that of his sister, and for that I prized it and cherished it. I wore it constantly in an inner pocket of my vest.

The stirring scenes intervening dimmed somewhat the memories of my vision as time passed, but could not blot it from my mind.

The battle of Shiloh had been fought, and during the whole of it my mind reverted to the dream. It seemed but a repetition of a tragedy of which I had witnessed the rehearsal. Impelled by some strange impulse I could not resist, I wandered out upon the battlefield at midnight. Every spot seemed familiar. The dead faces were those I had seen in my dreams. A groan, aye, the same groan that I had heard on that ever memorable night of January, 1862.

I hurried to the side of the poor fellow from whose agonized lips it came. He was prone upon the cold earth, with his head resting upon his left arm, while with his right hand he was striving to check the flow of blood from a gunshot wound in his left breast.

A glance told me I had found the son of my friend—the brother of Lillian. Fortunately I had with me the means of stopping the flow of blood; also a canteen of water and a flask of brandy. No word was spoken until I had done all that could be done at once, when with a faint voice and difficult articulation he said:

"You have saved my life and I thank you."

"You owe me no thanks, lieutenant. I should be an ingrate did I not serve to the utmost of my ability the son of my friend, Dr. Jewell, the brother of his precious daughter Lillian."

"Is this is a dream? How? Where did you know my father and sister?"

"Be calm, my dear friend; I will gladly tell you all, but not now. Enough that I have found you, and serve you."

In my arms I bore the wounded officer to my tent, and vigilantly did I watch by his side until morning came.

He had lost much blood, and the wound was painful, but not especially dangerous, hence he recovered rapidly and within a month he was well again. In the meantime I had told the story of my impromptu visit to his old Kentucky home and the generous hospitality I had met with there. I showed him the photo of himself given me by his sister, and the marvelous dream which had prompted me to ask for the picture was rehearsed.

"Doctor," he said as I closed my story, "I don't think I am superstitious, but I believe your dream was a presentiment given you by my angel mother. It was she and not my sister you saw holding my head in her lap. Lillian is marvelously like her mother, and could readily have been mistaken for her."

"At least in a dream," I added pleasantly.

"Yes, or by moonlight in waking hours. But please don't try to break my faith in the reality of that vision of yours. It has come true almost to the last particular."

"It has," I replied, "and I believe in its reality as firmly as you can."

I told the story to General M——, and it softened his heart so greatly that when I asked permission to take my friend to his home it was readily granted.

The reader may be safely left to picture to himself the joyful meeting of the long absent son with his loving grandparents, father and sister, and the expressions of gratitude and friendship showered upon my humble self.

My leave of absence was for thirty days. I spent a fortnight of it with my Kentucky friends, and when I departed I carried with me two miniature portraits. One of them had golden hair and eyes of heaven's own blue, and lips that rivaled the ripening pomegranate, and cheeks like the sunny side of a luscious peach. Nor was this all I had to gladden my bachelor heart.

The original of the picture had said that "when this cruel war should be over I might come again, and then she would gladly go with me to my northern as my wife."

I have only to add that she is looking over my shoulder as I write, and trying to convince me that the public (meaning you, dear reader) will laugh at me for being so silly as to tell how I was captured by a rebel girl, and at her being so easily converted from her "secesh" sentiments to unwavering loyalty to the Union.—True Flag.

Perfume in Plants.

A German botanist, Mr. Regel, has made public the result of his researches as to the causes of the perfumes of plants, and the factors which diminish or increase them. "Light and heat naturally play a very important role. Darkness prevented the development of perfume in flowers of which the buds were only slightly advanced when submitted to its influence, and even the plants whose flowers exhaled perfume only at night, lost their odor if compelled to live in continued darkness."—Boston Transcript.

Elevation of the Mind.

Lofty elevation of mind does not make one indifferent to the wants and sufferings of those who are below him. On the contrary, as the rarefied air of mountains makes distant objects seem nearer, so are all his fellow beings brought nearer to the heart of him who looks upon them from the height of his wisdom.—New York Ledger.

COOL AND COURAGEOUS.

HOW A KENTUCKY GIRL OUTWITTED AND KILLED A BEAR.

A School Ma'am Who Taught a Lesson on How to Circumvent Bruin—She Blocked Him with Wearing Apparel Until She Could Get to Shelter and a Gun.

Miss Callie McGee, of this place, had an experience that she will not forget, and in which she showed rare courage and presence of mind in the face of the greatest danger.

Miss Callie has been teaching school in the "Bear Creek" district, which lies on the waters of Bear creek. In going to and returning from school each week she is obliged to pass over Bear Wallow mountain—so called by the early settlers on account of the great number of bears that formerly made it a resting place in their migrations from the Chimney mountains to the Cumberland. For several years past, however, no bears have been seen, and the inhabitants have long ceased to apprehend any danger from these animals. Miss Callie started for her home for the purpose of passing the Sabbath with her mother. She was accompanied by her little niece, who is only three years old.

THE RACE BEGUN.

The road between Bear Creek valley and America is lonely even for a mountain road, and from the base of the mountain on the one side to the foot on the other—a distance of three miles—there are no signs of human habitation. While slowly climbing the mountain on the farther side from this place Miss Callie was suddenly startled by a rustling of the bushes at one side of the road, and upon looking around discovered a large black bear stepping slowly and cautiously into the road about forty yards in her rear.

Catching up the child in her arms, she fled rapidly up the steep mountain side. Casting a terrified glance backward over her shoulder she was appalled to see the bear break into a lumbering gallop and start in pursuit. The child, frightened at the unusual actions or her aunt, was screaming at the top of its voice, and the bear apparently redoubled his efforts to catch them. Panting and gasping for breath she at length reached the top of the mountain almost exhausted, and upon looking back discovered the bear still in pursuit and rapidly decreasing the distance between them, being now scarcely twenty yards behind her.

Occasionally the bear gave an angry snort, as if enraged at being balked of his intended prey. His heavy, labored breathing was now distinctly audible to her ear, and she realized that her strength was failing, and that it was impossible for her to continue her present pace much longer. While continuing her flight the child's hat, with its gay ribbons and flowers, became accidentally disarranged and fell to the ground. After a hundred yards or more, Miss McGee ventured to look back once more, and her relief may be imagined when she saw the bear biting and tearing at the hat lying on the road.

A COOL CALCULATION.

Miss McGee said that at sight of this she instantly recovered presence of mind, and coolly began to calculate on her chances of escape and her best method of procedure. She knew that the nearest house in which she could seek safety was still nearly two and a half miles distant, and the chances of meeting any one able to assist her on that lonely mountain road were very few. She knew that she could not keep up her present rate of speed much longer, so she moderated her gait, although she still made good time.

She had gained perhaps 200 yards on the bear when, upon looking around, she discovered him again starting in pursuit, having succeeded in demolishing the hat. She now rapidly proceeded to divest the child of its sack and threw it down in the road. Upon reaching the spot in the road where the garment was lying the bear again stopped and proceeded to destroy it before continuing his pursuit. Miss McGee made good use of the time lost by the bear, and when he again started in pursuit she was a good distance ahead. As he again neared her she threw the child's dress down into the road, and again the attention of the bear was attracted and a few precious moments gained.

She continued this method, coolly waiting each time until the bear had nearly overtaken her, then dropping some article of wearing apparel into the road, until the child was entirely divested of clothing; then she began upon herself. She was already within less than a mile of a dwelling and began to feel confident of her ability to delay the animal until she reached it. Her gloves were first sacrificed and gained a few moments' respite from pursuit. Her hat went next, then basque, and last of all her dress skirt. The latter succeeded in holding the attention of the bear until she reached the house of John Miller and was once again in safety, although almost destitute of clothing.

The bear, attracted by the squealing of some pigs in a pen near the road, made no effort to effect an entrance into the house, but left the road and went to the pen for the purpose of procuring a pork dinner. Mr. Miller was not at home, and the bear's chances for securing a young porker seemed to be good, when Miss Magee took down a Winchester that was above the door, and despite the entreaties of Mrs. Miller the plucky teacher proceeded to the pen. As the bear saw her approaching he reared upon his hind legs and stood ready for fight. Miss Callie quickly brought her gun into position and fired, the ball passing through the animal's heart, and he fell dead. He proved to be a "whopper," and tipped the beam at 287½ pounds.—America (Ky.) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not All Brain Work.

Physician—Do you ever take any exercise?

Cholly—Aw ya-as—I woll my own cigahwettes.—New York Epoch.

MARRYING LITERARY MEN.

A Woman Very Ably Answers Andrew Lang, Who Says "Don't Do It."

Your quotation from Andrew Lang's essay in Longman's Magazine headed "Don't Marry Literary Men," draws forth a few remarks from me, as I fear there are many young women who will look upon such penny scrap writings in a serious light.

In the first place women should know enough to attend and conduct their own business undirected and unmolested by men. Secondly, love for a man does not necessarily mean that each and every minute of the husband's time should be devoted in listening to what his wife has to say.

There come moments when woman wants solitude, time to think and deliberate. And every woman who is intelligent enough to think and act independently knows very well that every man must do the same thing.

Mr. Lang is mistaken when he thinks it only misery to live with a literary man. Forsooth, even were it so, I would rather by far have an intelligent person about me, moods and all (not meaning that all litterateurs are intelligent), than to have the constant company of a person who is led by the nose like a blind mule in a salt mine.

Then, too, Mr. Lang, if he is really studious, must know that woman today is also deeply interested and moved by some of the horrible and shocking doings of society, which are apt to make the most intelligent of them moody also. The average young woman imagines (a thought put forth in dime novels and other such literature) that "his thoughts must be her thoughts." This is a grievous mistake, if not a malicious lie on the part of authors who so habitually use the expression in one way or another.

The trouble is that young people jump into matrimony without the slightest knowledge of each other's characteristics and natures, blindly but firmly believing that marriage settles everything—mental differences and physical weaknesses. In fact, the average young person is so mentally weakened by industrial worriment that mental preparations to marriage are altogether strange to them.

The real science of a married life is the preparation for it. Mentally, there is no such thing as a "woman's sphere" or "man's sphere in life." What is right for a man to know is equally right for a woman to know, and vice versa. And I venture to say that the average woman will never be free, mentally and physically, before she discovers this undeniable fact.

Conditions of today, seriously considered, no man will ever liberate woman nor can woman liberate man. Each person, with a kindly feeling and consideration for the rights of all others, must pursue a course of self thought and study, individual culture and personal purity. It will be only when the world becomes, through this process of self education and self refinement, more enlightened, or at least civilized, that the average marriage will be a thoroughly happy one, intellectually honest and physically pure, whether husbands are bricklayers, doctors, clerks, barristers, litterateurs or what not.—Elenor Metz in New York Sun.

Prompt and Heroic.

All Australian boys are taught the necessity of guarding against snake bites. The treatment of such wounds is a necessary part of their education. One day two little fellows six and eight years old went into the bush to play. The smaller one, chasing a rabbit into a hole, pushed in his hand and brought it out quickly, with the head of a venomous snake attached to one of the fingers.

"Quick, Charley!" he cried, putting his hand down on a stump. "Chop off my finger! The snake has bitten it."

Charley, without a pause, lifted his ax and chopped, not only the damaged finger, but two of the others as well. Then the boys ran straight into town, over a mile distant, and sought a surgeon, who dipped the injured members in ammonia before dressing them. Imagine the pain of such a burning bath!

A young Australian lady was one day walking along the street, when she saw a dirty and wretched looking tramp to whose leg a venomous snake had affixed itself.

After killing the reptile with her parasol she borrowed his pocket knife, cut the trousers away from the wound, and then, cutting a cross upon the bite itself, applied her lips to it and sucked the poison away. The tramp's life was saved at the sacrifice, perhaps, of some dainty scruples.—Youth's Companion.

Old English Holdings.

Among strange conditions connected with the subject of holdings we learn that the town of Yarmouth was bound by charter to send to the sheriffs of Norwich a hundred herrings, "which are to be baked in twenty-four pies or pasties, and then delivered to the lord of the manor of East Carlton, who was to convey them to the king." We are also told that three noblemen held thirty acres of land in a town in Norfolk by the sergeanty of carrying to the king, wherever he should be in England, two dozen pasties of fresh herrings on their first coming in.

In like manner some lands at Bishop Auckland, and also the manor of Lockburn, are said to be held by the bishop of Durham by the easy service of presenting a falchion to every bishop on his first entrance into his diocese.—London Tit-Bits.

Telepathy Is Universal.

With me suspicion has gradually strengthened until I have scarcely any doubt that the agency—telepathy—is truly universal. I find it certainly at work in the land of dreams, for one may dream of that which another person is doing, or has lately done or thought of, and commonplace instances of this are no more to be despised on that account than are the electric movements of a straw. Indeed, they are all the more valuable, as being further removed from the apparently supernatural. —Blackwood's Magazine.

Rounding Up Shakespeare.

One of our funniest adventures happened at Lee's Landing in Virginia. The improvised theater was a tobacco warehouse, and was crowded by the planters from miles around. We had arranged to take the weekly steamer that was to call that night, and between the acts were busy packing up. The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and they were just going on for the trial scene when we heard a whistle, and the manager came in to say that the steamer had arrived and would leave again in ten minutes.

"If we explain matters," said the manager, "they will think they are being cheated, and we shall have a free fight. The only thing is for you fellows to get up a natural ending of the piece and ring down the curtain. Go right ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ted here. Ted was Bassanio, and he decided to rely upon the ignorance of those days to pull him through all right.

So when old George Ruggles, who was doing Shylock, began to sharpen his knife on his boot, Booth walked up to him and said, "You are bound to have your pound of flesh, are you?"

"You bet your life," said Ruggles. "Now I'll make you one more offer," continued Booth; "in addition to this bag of ducats I'll throw in two kegs of terback and two of the best coon dogs in the state." "I'm blamed if I don't do it," responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco raisers and coon hunters to a man.

"And to show that there's no ill feeling," put in Portia, "we'll wind up with a Virginny reel."

When they got on board the steamer the captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play, remarked: "I'd like to see the whole of that play some time, gentlemen. I'm blamed if I thought that fellow Shakespeare had so much snap in him."—New York Cor. Charleston News.

Telepathy or Coincidence.

Many years ago, when residing in the West Indies, two young children of mine were allowed to amuse themselves with a set of red and white ivory chessmen, but not to take them into their nursery. One morning, just before waking, their mother dreamed that she received a letter from England, inclosing the head or upper half of a red ivory knight, from a friend, who supposed that the piece must belong to her. On entering her nursery not many minutes afterward a little boy ran up to her, crying, "See what I have found!" and holding up the identical piece dreamed of—the knight's head.

The chances against this, considered as a mere coincidence, are enormous. Supposing it not improbable that there should be some dream relating to one of the pieces used in the game of chess, and not improbable even that it should be the prominent feature in the dream, still it might with equal probability have occurred on any day within a certain period or three years. And even supposing it not improbable, though in fact it was an isolated case, that a piece should get into the nursery, the coincidence in time remains to be accounted for, and also the identity of the piece found with that dreamed of. I calculate the chances at more than one hundred thousand to one.

On the telepathic theory of a mental sympathy between the mother and her child, all is perfectly simple. The child, on finding the piece, thought of his mother, and the leading idea in his mind was transferred to hers, which at such a moment would for obvious reasons be specially receptive of an impression from him, whose image would be one of the first in her waking thoughts.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Great Mule.

One of the best stories is told by Congressman Simpson.

"Out in Kansas," said he, "there is a boy who had taught his mule to squat when he touched him on the flank with his heels, and one day when he was riding beside an Englishman the mule suddenly sat down on its haunches. 'What's the matter with your mule?' said the Englishman. 'Why,' said the boy, 'he's a setter; don't you see that rabbit out there?' The Englishman was much astonished. They rode on awhile and the mule squatted again. 'What's he doing now?' said the Englishman. 'He's settin again,' said the boy. 'Don't you see that flock of quail?' By this time the Englishman was dying to own the mule. An animal he could ride that was also a setter would be priceless to such a Nimrod as he. He offered to buy the mule, but the boy didn't want to sell him. Finally he consented to swap the mule for the Englishman's fine bay horse and $100 to boot.

"The Englishman mounted the mule, the boy mounted the horse and they rode on together. After awhile they came to a creek and the Englishman drew up his feet to keep them from getting wet. About half way through the water got so deep that he had to draw his feet up to the mule's flank. As soon as the boot heels touched the mule's flank he squatted right in the middle of the creek. 'What's the matter with your blarsted mule now?' said the Englishman. 'I told you he was a setter, and he's just as good for suckers as for anything else.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Colossus of Rhodes.

This was a gigantic statue of Apollo, or the sun god. It rested on moles on each side of the beautiful harbor of Rhodes, and vessels passed between its brazen legs. It was over 100 feet in height, and there were winding stairs by which it was ascended. The statue held in one hand a light for the direction of mariners. It was thrown down presumably by an earthquake, and never rebuilt, but fragments of the statue remained for 900 years. At length a Jewish merchant bought the brass and loaded 900 camels with it. The value of the brass was estimated at $150,000. At the present time the harbor of Rhodes is nearly useless, and the island has many times suffered from earthquakes.—Detroit Free Press.

THEY DONNED SERVANTS' CAPS.

Two Pretty Daughtews of a Well Known Literary Man Help Their Father.

A well known literary man who had been the recipient of not a little attention during a brief stay in London, received not long ago a letter from one of his English friends announcing his arrival in America and proposing himself for a visit of a few hours, including one night. Although delighted at the prospect of seeing a man whom he much admired, Mr. L—— was greatly puzzled in regard to the entertainment and accommodation of his visitor, as their modest household boasted of only one servant, and he wished to ask a few friends to meet the distinguished author at dinner.

His eldest daughters laughingly took matters in their own hands, telling him to invite the guests and they would "guarantee satisfaction." The shy recluse, having unbounded faith in his womankind, did as he was bidden, invited half a dozen choice spirits to his little country house and retired to his den and his books with perfect equanimity.

"We make only one stipulation, papa," said the girl, "and that is that Meta (the third daughter) shall be the only one ready to receive your grand English friend, and that you will not mention the rest of us." Mr. L—— readily agreed to everything, and, absorbed in his beloved books, was quite oblivious to all arrangements until Meta, looking as pretty as a picture, in the freshest of ginghams, announced that she was ready to drive him to the station to meet the honored guest. On their return with the stranger the door was opened by a tidy looking maid in the neatest of caps and aprons, at whom the old gentleman hardly glanced as he ushered his guest into the house, merely thinking that his daughters had picked up a rather nice looking girl.

The modest little guest room was most attractive with fresh muslin and bunches of roses, and fairly luxurious with ample and comfortable washing arrangements and abundant drapery. The neat looking maid brought a can of hot water to the door and announced the dinner hour. "How delightful all this republican simplicity is, and how comfortable!" murmured the traveler to himself. "It is just as I imagined L—— would live, and what a pretty girl his daughter is!"

A gentle knock hurried his toilet. "Dinner is served, sir," said a sweet voice, and he followed the attractive looking Abigail to the little drawing room, where his host introduced him to the half dozen clever men who had been assembled in his honor. An involuntary exclamation of delight escaped the lips of the convives as they entered the dining room at the exquisite arrangement of the table. The center was completely covered with soft, green moss, out of which grew quantities of tiny woodland flowers. Blocks of sparkling ice held flasks of Rhenish wine in their hollowed out centers, and candles screened with rose colored shades gave a charming and sufficient light. The attractive hostess in the simplest of white gowns presided with pretty dignity, and two deft maids, dressed alike with dainty freshness, served the well cooked dinner.

The entertainment was altogether a decided social success, and the Englishman was profuse in his expressions of delight. The next morning he took his departure, being driven to the station by Meta, neatly attired in cheviots and serge. His astonishment would have been great could he have beheld the scene that followed, when the domestic maid servants danced around the old gentleman with their caps borne aloft on the end of broomsticks in triumph.

"You wicked hussies," said their father, trying in vain to look angry, but failing signally. "How could you play me such a trick! I never recognized you until dinner was announced, and then it was too late to do anything but submit."

"But we wanted the whole thing to be a success," pleaded the quondam servants, "and it was impossible to arrange it otherwise."

"Well, I forgive you," said their parent, laughing in spite of himself. "But mind, I shall never allow such a performance again."—New York Tribune.

Ask About the Well.

"In selecting a boarding place in a village or on a farm where water is not brought from a common supplying source," says a physician, "try to get a place where a driven rather than a sunken well is used. The latter in times of frequent and abundant rain is apt to get some surface drainage; the former never, if driven deep enough, as its bore goes down through several strata of filters—clay, gravel, sand—getting its water finally from a source that cannot be surface polluted. People have only to show a little interest and intelligence about these things to secure them. Anybody who wants to take boarders should be alert on the question of sanitation at least and inquiry ought to amount to suggestion."—New York Times.

The Editor's Dilemma.

Once upon a time an editor fell into a pit and one of his would be contributors came along and offered to help him out.

"I will accept your assistance," said the editor.

"Thank heaven," said the contributor, "I have at last found something you are willing to accept!"

"Hold on!" shrieked the editor. "Will you try to sell me that joke when I get out?"

"Yes," said the contributor.

"Then leave me to my fate."—Harper's Bazar.

Patient Waiting No Loss.

Mrs. Acres—There's a boy up in that apple tree.

Farmer Acres—Wall, ef I start fer him he'll wait till I've clum 'bout half way up th' tree after him, an then he'll drop down an run away. Could never catch him in the world. I'll wait.

"What fer?"

"I'll wait till he's eat a few apples."

THE BEST

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against sudden
changes in the weather
is to purify
the blood
with

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes
and enriches
the life-current, and
makes the weak
strong.

Has Cured Others

will cure you.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city.

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gahan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church sts. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 22d place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Fagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Meltregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 42 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Burbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Bibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 169 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 883 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 881 S. Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p.m. Rev. [illegible] Residence [illegible]

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ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G S Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langiois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry B Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 168 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 352 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 382 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J E Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Buehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latna, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1089 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2561 Bancover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 309 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagomis's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 32 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 413 Wabansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Roder, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible]

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chell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Beehant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, W. E. Graham, 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W. Erie.

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Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 136 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Vat Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec., M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec., Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; F. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 358 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 5 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month in Eigeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 321 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2803 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast, Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William St. George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan, Treasurer. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.-P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Hengely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Brenahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 186 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghan, Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland Avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., J. F Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 o m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulbearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 2800 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2958 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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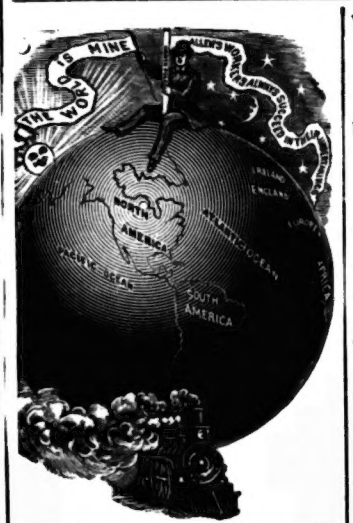

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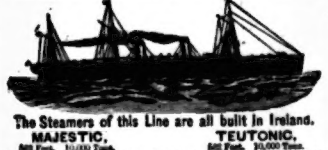

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No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logan's Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years, and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $24 to $30. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

No. 5 same as No. 4, but solid gold Brooklyn Granger case, by registered mail, prepaid, $20.00.

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